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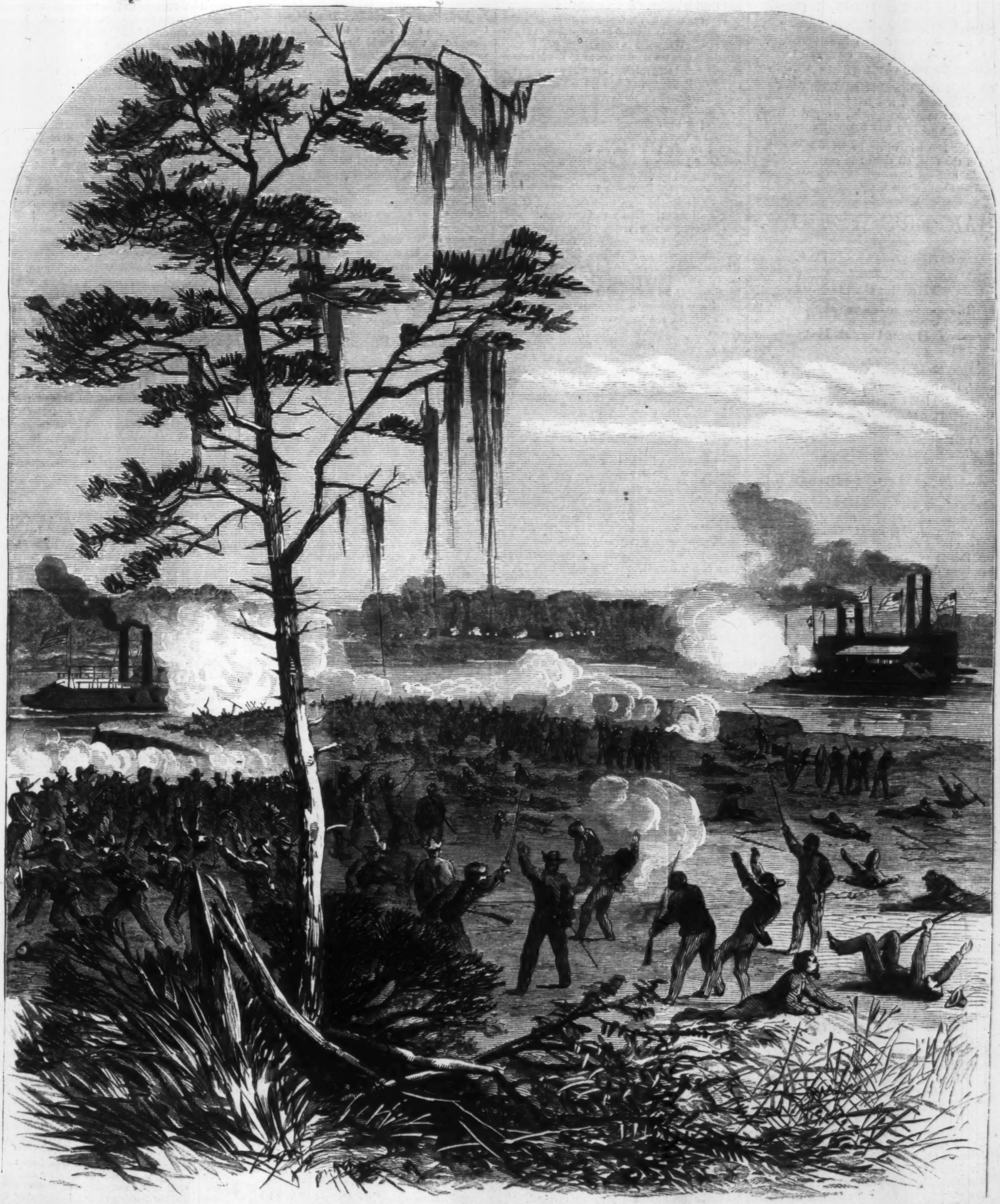


REBEL ATTACK ON OUR GUN-BOATS IN THE RED RIVER.—[See Page 310.]

## THE SHARP-SHOOTER.

Sometimes I climb to the top of a tree,
And sometimes I hide in a thicket,
Or, crouching low in the tall, lank grass,
I fire on the enemy's picket.

All's fair, it is said, in love and war,
And both are concerned in my story;
To the lover, why, life and love are all—
To the soldier death is glory.

'Twas down in Virginia; the sky was fair,
And the hour of noon was nearing;
The sun poured down with a Southern fire;
And I stood at the edge of a clearing—

While opposite lurked a rebel in gray,
Where the open space was bounded
By a dark pine wood; and shrill and sharp
The crack of our rifles sounded.

Then a deadly aim I took at my foe—
Now hear to the end of my story,
And I'll tell you what to a lover is love,
And how death to the soldier is glory.

"Advance!" came the word along our lines;
Then woke the echoes infernal!
And clear and loud above crash and roar
Rang the voice of our grim old Colonel.

I glanced as I passed at my fallen foe—
Do you wonder if I faltered?
'Twas the man who married the girl I loved,
Though his face was strangely altered.

I rather had lain where he lay that day,
On the field, all rigid and gory,
If she had but loved me as she loved him—
And so ends this sharp-shooter's story.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 14, 1864.

## THE SITUATION.

THE summer opens upon a situation which is every where most interesting. In Europe the question of general war will be virtually decided by the success of our campaigns. Europe is undoubtedly ripe for revolution. The Governments mistrust each other, and the people watch the Governments. Austria and Prussia have rushed into a war with Denmark, in order that they may continue their hold on Germany and thwart the free constitutional tendencies of Denmark, which would inevitably affect the German frontier and be felt in Berlin and Vienna. The London Conference will doubtless agree upon some way to avoid a continuance of the war, which is a threat to the present condition of affairs, and which makes Europe more sensitive to the chances of our struggle. In England the ministry of Lord Palmerston, strongly intrenched for many years in the lymph of the British people, now begins to totter. It has been defeated in Parliament. Even the liberal journals prophecy its fall, and it has yielded to the Tory assaults in the resignation of Mr. Stansfeld. Meanwhile the Queen is losing her popularity by her long seclusion, nor does she regain it by announcing that she can no longer fulfill the merely ceremonial duty of her position. Ceremonial duty! And your Majesty's self—? The Prince of Wales, the dull-looking youth who came to us four years ago, is inclined to Toryism. If the Queen abdicates, and the old mill continues to grind, as Palmerston goes out Derby will come in. It is always a choice of cake or smelts in England. If they can not have the traditional Whig, they must take the traditional Tory. Whether there is any secret reason for the Queen's privacy is not generally understood. But it is not easy to forget, under the circumstances, the rumors that have been always whispered about the misfortune of insanity in the royal family.

But while there is evidently the sign of change in England, it is amusing to watch the recent conduct of the governing families. Garibaldi, who is the incarnation of the popular revolution in Europe, was announced as on his way to England. Instantly public expectation was on the alert, and the papers fell to wondering and speculating. If London is not to see the most formidable riot of many years, said one of them, let the Government be well prepared. Garibaldi is the Anti-Pope, and a commotion of the Romanist masses was feared. But, also, Garibaldi is the Anti-Louis Napoleon, and the friend of Mazzini, and Louis Napoleon had just condemned Mazzini (if he could only catch him) to transportation for an alleged attempt at assassination; and England had refused the conference proposed by the Emperor. Poor John Bull was dreadfully perplexed. What could be done to keep right with every body? First, Mr. Stansfeld, a personal friend of Mazzini's, had to go out of the Government. Then came the irrepressible Garibaldi, and immediately called upon Stansfeld and Mazzini. John, at his wit's end treats the Liberator as Mr. Pickwick treated the horse, of which he was mortally afraid, and which he could not mount. "Poor fellow!" said Mr. Pickwick, soothingly. "Poor old horssy!" and he revolved around him in the effort to placate his possible wrath, until he declared that it was like a horrible dream. So John Bull pats Garibaldi: "Good and great man, please come and dine with Palmerston, and ride in the Duke of Sutherland's carriage; and three cheers for the noble patriot who says that he wishes no political demonstration! No, no; of course not. Let's go to the navy-yard. Let us show all the sights to this great and good Garibaldi, who has promised to behave so sweetly!" and while he shouts this cheerful speech he whispers to Lord Clarendon, "For Heaven's sake, run over to Paris and tickle Louis Napoleon. Tell him that it is nothing but a tub to this terrible whale of the people; and that John Bull now, as in the time of Charles and James Second, of blessed memory, is the most humble servant of his dear ally!" That the noble and best men in England see with shame and sorrow that Kinglake was right, and that Great Britain is humiliated by France, is beyond question. They feel as we Americans felt when the policy of our Government, a few years since, was to bully the world and truckle at home to the meanest despotism.

France, meanwhile, crosses the sea, and enthrones herself in Mexico in the person of Maximilian. When she is once there, and has ascertained that we do not assent to the Mexican conquest and subjugation, she will be ready, directly or indirectly, to become a party to our war. The assent of the Governments of Europe to French participation in our affairs will be based upon their natural and earnest wish that a popular Government may conspicuously fail; for our success would be an inspiration to the people of Europe too threatening to be calmly contemplated by the aristocratic class. On the other hand, any European interference in our war would be the signal for the rising of the people all over the European Continent.

Thus every where the most momentous movements undoubtedly depend upon the issue of our campaigns; and by a curious fortune General Grant has become a pivotal man. Yet in any case there is for us no cause of profound apprehension. If he fails, and France in any way interferes, even with the tacit assent of the great Powers, the people of the free States will rise as they have not yet risen. What France did in her old Revolution, namely, maintain herself against domestic intrigue and foreign combination upon contiguous soil, that the United States are perfectly capable of surpassing. Every European State will suddenly bristle with our friends and allies. On the other hand, if Grant succeeds, Louis Napoleon will bow himself out of Mexico as soon as possible.

In all these speculations upon contingencies and possibilities the true ground of faith in the issue lies, for a loyal American citizen, in the good sense of the people. The history of the war is the history of the steady development of that good sense. There are doubt, dissent, apprehension, and open hostility to the people and their purpose. But that purpose was never clearer, nor the popular mind more resolved, than at this moment.

## WORDS.

In the blessed days when that incorruptible patriot, Fernando Wood, was lamenting to Robert Toombs that he could not send him rifles to shoot loyal men with, there was a great deal said about "coercing" States. The right of secession was not exactly clear to some minds, but the wrong of "coercion" was palpable. In other words, it was doubtful to these minds whether the Government of the United States had the right to enforce its laws; or, in truer words, a convenient sophism being wanted by which the Northern mind might be cajoled into assent to anarchy and the overthrow of the Government by a defeated faction, it was declared that "coercion" was unconstitutional. Those were the days in which all practicable methods of saving the Government were unconstitutional—when the only clearly constitutional thing was to connive at the destruction of the Constitution.

The word "coerce" played a great part in the debates of those days; but since the first battle of Bull Run it has gone out of fashion. Since the American people have soberly addressed themselves to the maintenance of the Union and Government we have not heard so much of the Constitutional duty of submitting to national ruin. But another word now serves the purpose for which the word "coercion" was employed. The new word is "subjugation." Mr. Long informed us in his famous speech that the alternative is now concession of the success of the rebellion, or the subjugation of the rebels. He calls them States, but that does not alter the fact.

We beg to ask Mr. Long if there has ever been any other alternative? Either the rebellious citizens of the United States are to be compelled by force of arms, and by every other effective measure, to submit to the Government, or they are to overthrow the Government. There is no middle ground, and there never has been. The insurrection has taken the proportions of a war. It is treated of necessity as a war. All warlike methods are properly invoked. The struggle has endured now for three years. But it still remains what it was at first—an armed and powerful insurrection of citizens of the United States against their Government; and either that Government will subjugate the insurgents, or the insurgents will subjugate the Government. The word subjugate means bringing under the yoke. And that is exactly the business in which we are now engaged. The rebels are being brought under the yoke; that is, the authority of the Government.

If the question is asked, "What then becomes of the assent which is declared to be the basis of the Government?" the reply is, that it is the assent of the people collectively which is intended. When a people have formed a Government by common consent which provides for its own amendment and change, no portion of that people, without appealing to the prescribed method of amendment, can insist that their interest shall prevail by arms over the interest of the whole. Nor in half the region in revolt was that assent ever given, while to-day those who do not assent are brutally murdered. When it is said that the Government rests upon common consent, it is not meant that every citizen is at liberty to obey or disobey the laws. If he disobeys he justly pays the penalty. If the County of Chautauqua should refuse to obey the laws of New York, what would New York do? She would compel the citizens of New York living in Chautauqua County to submit to the laws, exactly as the United States are compelling the citizens of the United States living in the State of Georgia to obey the laws. For the Government of the United States exists, or it does not. If it does, its first duty is to enforce itself against armed citizens in rebellion, and to subjugate them; that is, to compel them to yield to the laws which they, in common with all other citizens, have made.

This process was formerly called coercion. It is now called subjugation. In both cases it is exactly the same thing. It is the forcible maintenance of the authority of the Government. Alexander Hamilton long ago declared what all experience confirms, that the vigor of government is essential to the security of liberty. This will henceforth be the first lesson in our political primer.

## THE FREEDMEN.

If our conduct toward the colored race in this country during the war has been harsh, unkind, uncertain, and most tardily just, how noble and generous theirs has been! Despised and insulted as an inferior race, as less than human, as properly enslaved and degraded, the history of these three years is full of stories of their heroism, humanity, and unfailing fidelity. And while their bearing as soldiers is now beyond question there is a point hardly less interesting and important, and that is their temper and capacity as freemen. This point is touched in a most timely and able paper in the *North American Review* for April upon the present aspect of the cotton question. We commend its clear and conclusive summary to the most careful attention of every reader who wishes to understand the prospects of the cotton supply hereafter, and the capacity of the freedmen as successful cultivators.

We may add to the testimony of the article that of a gentleman who for a year past has had several hundred freedmen in his employ on the Mississippi River. He affirms that they are in every respect superior as a working class to the "mean whites" of the South; that they are faithful, industrious, and comparatively provident; that they display the utmost eagerness to acquire useful information; and that they are in every instinct loyal to the Government and solicitous for its success. On the two plantations worked by this gentleman nearly every laborer has grouped about his cabin—in addition to a little garden—a variety of improvements, exhibiting at once an appreciation of his home, and a sentiment of taste suggestive of a deeper nature than we have been generally willing to allow to his race. In the cultivation of his "patch" of ground, and the raising of poultry and pigs, he takes the greatest delight, giving every moment of time not otherwise employed to this pleasing work. In a word, the freedman, whenever an opportunity is afforded him, is demonstrating that he is a man, with the instincts, feelings, and yearnings of a man, and anxious most of all to qualify himself for the responsibilities and duties to which he has been at last restored.

The manifest desire of very many of the freedmen in Government service and the employ of planters on the Mississippi to save the proceeds of their toil has suggested to General Thomas and others, as we are trustworthily informed, the propriety of establishing savings-banks on the various plantations, in which the laborers may deposit their earnings, and so provide for future contingencies. Plantation hands of the first class under the present regulations receive twenty-five dollars a month with rations; and as they for the most part support their old and infirm, as well as their small children, from the sale of the products of their henneries and gardens, they are able to put by the greater portion of this amount, and with proper encouragement would immediately do so. It is to be hoped that General Thomas, who has so far exhibited a most benevolent interest in the welfare of this unfortunate class, will at the earliest moment establish some system by which this spirit of providence and thrift may be developed into practical results, and the freedmen set on the high road to that prosperity which they have already demonstrated their capacity properly to appreciate and employ.

## AN ACT OF JUSTICE.

The House of Representatives has at last agreed to the Senate's amendments to the Army Appropriation Bill, by which the merest justice is done to the colored soldiers in the army; and by the time these words are printed we trust it will have the President's signature and be a law. The act of justice was, of course, resisted to the last by the representatives who steadily and consistently repudiate the fundamental principle of the American Government, equal rights, and who, being the most industrious panders of an aristocracy and of class legislation, call themselves Democrats, but are called by the common sense of the American people, and will be known in history, as Copperheads. The vote was eighty-one yeas to forty-nine nays. Among the yeas we are heartily glad to see the names of two representatives from New York, Mr. Griswold, of Troy, and Mr. Odell, of Brooklyn; who, if they are unwilling to relinquish the party name of Democrat, yet often show by their votes that they conceive Democracy to be something else than contemptible subservience to the system of human slavery. Of course Messrs. James Brooks, Winthrop Chanler, and Fernando Wood, from the city of New York, voted against the proposition; and it would be difficult to name a single measure for the maintenance of the national honor, the salvation of the American Government, and the advancement of liberty and justice, against which Messrs. James Brooks, Winthrop Chanler, and Fernando Wood did not vote.

Mr. Holman, of Indiana, was very anxious lest Congress should "equalize" men. Mr. Holman, of Indiana, need be under no concern. No Congressional act can ever make a base man equal to a noble one; an unjust man equal to a just one; an enemy of equal rights as true an American as a friend of liberty. No power in Congress can make a tool of prejudice and an advocate of caste so safe a legislator for this country as a man who believes the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence. No law can "equalize" intelligence and ignorance; generosity and meanness; treason and loyalty; or sympathy with rebels and devotion to the country. No legislative act, however unanimous and stringent, could ever "equalize" the infamy of Robert Toombs and the heroism of Robert Smalls; or the spirit that grudges a soldier his fair pay with that which inspires the same soldier to fight and fall in the front of battle; or to enlist notwithstanding a threat and prospect of massacre if he is captured. Let Mr. Holman be comforted. Congress can not put asunder what God has joined; as, for instance, heroism and instinctive admiration of it: nor unite what he has severed, as, for instance, patriotism and party-spirit.

## MISSISSIPPI VALLEY SANITARY FAIR.

The Fair of the Western Sanitary Commission will begin on the 17th of May in St. Louis, and we are sure that the same charity which has not tired of well-doing at the East will not shrink from the new demand. Missouri is a State which has been tried by fire. The war has wasted it for three years. Lying upon the border, and being a Slave State, it has been full of rebels and ruffians; and, on the other hand, like every border State, it has been the scene of the most devoted heroism and the most patient endurance of suffering. The loyalty of loyal border men is the most vital of all. It means personal proscription by traitors and constant danger and alarm. But the heroic fidelity of such men has held Missouri fast in the Union, has sent Gratz Brown to the Senate, and will redeem the State from the last desperate clutch of Slavery. To help them in their work her true sons and daughters now make their appeal to us. General Rosecrans is the President of their Committee; Governor Hall is the first Vice-President, and Mayor Filley second, and General Fish third. James E. Yeatman, the steadfast, energetic, and sagacious head of the Western Sanitary Commission, is chairman of the Standing Committee, and to him every thing is to be addressed; while bills of lading or notices are to be sent to Major Alfred Mackay.

But no proof of the earnestness of border Union men could be more striking than this, that in a Slave State, almost upon debatable ground, the Western Sanitary Fair is the first of all, so far as we know, to assign by the unanimous vote of its Executive Committee a special Department for the interests of Freedmen and Union Refugees, and, as we are informed, one of the tables will be under the charge of a man who was a slave until a few months since. And this is in a city where slaves are still held and sold.

Whatever is sent to the Fair and is intended for this Department should be marked F. and U. R. Department, and it will be so appropriated. "It is not a sectional work," say the Committee, "and they make no sectional appeal." We hope that our friends every where will do all they can for this great, good work; not forgetting that of the vast receipts of the Eastern Fairs for the United States Sanitary Commission the Western Commission receives nothing, as it is a separate, although co-operative organization.

## "UNION AND LIBERTY."

A friend in New Jersey writes: "Hon. Thos. S. Grimke, of South Carolina, deceased since 1835, was noted not only for his rare virtues, commanding talents, research, and learning, but for his nationality of sentiment at a time and among a people when it almost involved martyrdom. His speech in the Senate of South Carolina in December, 1828 (prior to the famous debate which gave Mr. Webster his deserved renown), on the resolutions respecting the tariff, excels all on the topic of State Sovereignty except that of Mr. Webster, and is richer in learning than his. And the following ode, for July 4, 1823, is certainly worthy of comparison with any produced by its ennobling subject:

"'Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw th' invidious line?
Though, by birth, one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest!
Dear to me the South's fair land,
Dear the central mountain band,
Dear New England's rocky strand,
Dear the prairied West!

"'By our altars pure and free!
By our law's deep-rooted tree!
By the Past's dread memory!
By our Washington!
By our common kindred tongue!
By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young!
By the ties of country strong!
We will still be one!

"'Fathers, have ye bled in vain?
Ages, must ye droop again?
Maker! shall we rashly stain
Blessings sent by Thee?
No! Receive our solemn vow,
While before Thy throne we bow,
Ever to maintain, as now,
Union and Liberty!'"

## A MONUMENT.

Our readers have not forgotten the terrible explosion at the Alleghany Arsenal in Lawrenceville, Pennsylvania, on the 17th September, 1862, by which fifty women were destroyed. They lost their lives in the act of working for our soldiers, and it is proposed to erect a simple monument to their memory in the Alleghany Cemetery. A photograph of the design has been sent to us. It is a simple shaft standing upon a raised pediment, and surmounted by an urn. Any gift for the purpose, however slight, will be a sign of sympathy to the poor families interested, and may be sent to M. M. Bosworth, clerk to Paymaster, United States Arsenal, Pittsburg, Pennsylvania.

## A CORRECTION.

We reprint the following letter from the *Louisville Journal:*

"New York, *April* 9, 1864.

"*To the Editors of the Louisville Journal:*

"I have just seen in your paper of the 31st of March a letter signed 'At the Front,' and dated 'Chattanooga, March 26,' in which 'a few friendly hints' are offered to me. The letter is so instructive an illustration of the carelessness with which personal criticisms are often publicly made, that I venture to trouble you with this reply.

"'At the Front' having read in the *Round Table*, a literary journal of this city, an anonymous article which he assumes that I wrote, proceeds to castigate me for it, and warming with his work, fortifies his remarks by a quotation from memory of what he says 'Mr. Curtis tells us' in *Harper's Weekly*.

"I have never seen the article in the *Round Table* of which your correspondent speaks, nor have I expressed in *Harper's Weekly*, or elsewhere, the sentiments which he attributes to me. I hope sincerely that, bravely fighting 'at the front,' as I have no doubt he is, he will not happen to fire at one of his own comrades upon the wholly gratuitous assumption that he is a rebel picket.

"Your obedient servant,

"George William Curtis."

## DRAPER'S PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MOON.

The illustration made from Dr. Henry Draper's Photograph of the Moon, published in *Harper's Weekly* (March 19th), is exciting great attention in Europe. It is proposed by the Committee of the British Association having the matter in hand to use it in rectifying the names that have been given to the lunar mountains.

## LITERARY.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have in preparation, and will soon commence the publication of, an elegant Library Edition of The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. This edition will contain only those elaborate works by which the author wished to be known to after-ages, leaving out those transient writings, which, having served their momentary purpose, he wished to let die. Thackeray, who missed being a great artist only by becoming a still greater writer, designed many of the most characteristic illustrations to his works. These illustrations will be faithfully reproduced in this edition. "Vanity Fair," being the first of that series of tales by which Thackeray won his place as a great writer, will be the first in this edition. This story, the first volume of which is nearly ready for publication, will contain a portrait of Thackeray, engraved upon steel, after the famous drawing by Samuel Laurence.

"The National Almanac and Annual Record for 1864," published by George W. Childs, is admirably designed and carefully prepared. It contains more than five hundred pages of facts and statistics, any one of which may at any moment be worth more to almost any man than the whole cost of the book. These are so arranged and classified that any man of fair intelligence may, in a short time, know precisely where to look for any fact respecting which he desires information. The work we consider to be an indispensable one for any man who has ever occasion to refer to a fact or figure belonging to the military, political, or financial transactions of the past year, whether at home or abroad.

"The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1864," edited by David Wells, and published by Gould & Lincoln, is also one of those indispensable works of reference for which we can not be too grateful to editor and publishers.

## DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

### CONGRESS.

Senate.—*April* 27. The following House bills were passed: For the prevention and punishment of frauds in relation to the names of vessels; fixing certain additional rules and regulations for preventing collisions on the water; to regulate the remeasurement of tonnage of ships and vessels of the United States; and to provide for the collection of hospital dues on vessels of the United States sold or transferred in foreign ports.—Mr. Wilson reported a bill concerning the subsistence and pay of the army, which makes the ration the same as it was at the beginning of the war, and pays to the non-commissioned officers and privates $2 per month, that being something more than the cost between the present ration and the old one.—The consideration of the bill to provide a national currency, secured by the pledge of the United States bonds, etc., was resumed, but no vote was reached.——*April* 28. Mr. Chandler reported adversely on the memorial of the convention of commercial men of Ohio Valley, praying for the improvement by Congress of the navigation of the Ohio River.—The following bills were passed: Granting honorable discharges to coal-heavers and firemen in the navy; for the relief of the clerks in the Kittery and Philadelphia navy-yards; to change and define the boundaries of the judicial districts of West and East Virginia; and the joint resolution for the classification of the clerks of paymasters in the navy and the graduation of their pay.—The joint resolution from the House to increase for sixty days the present duties of foreign imports fifty per centum, except printing paper, was also adopted after an ineffectual attempt to introduce several amendments.——*April* 29. Mr. Ramsay introduced a bill for the benefit and better management of the Indians, by which the President is authorized to locate them upon new reservations.—Mr. Henderson offered a joint resolution, which was adopted, to provide for the printing of the report of the Committee, of which Major-General Irwin M'Dowell was President, to examine into cotton speculations and frauds on the part of officers in the West.—Mr. Nesmith called up the Senate bill to establish branch mints at Carson City, Nevada, and Dalles City, Oregon. An amendment striking out Carson City was adopted, and the bill passed. The National Currency bill came up in order, but no result was reached.——*April* 30. A bill was introduced establishing a Board of Examiners of candidates for all civil offices or promotions in such offices excepting those appointed by the President.—Mr. Sumner offered a resolution requesting the President to communicate to the Senate the opinion of the Attorney-General as to the rights of colored persons in the army and elsewhere; but Mr. Powell objected, and consequently the proposition was laid over.—A bill granting land for a railroad in Minnesota was passed.—The National Bank bill was taken up in Committee of the Whole, the Finance Committee's amendment taxing banks agreed to, and the bill was then reported to the Senate. At this stage of the proceedings, there being no quorum present, the Senate adjourned.——*May* 2. The bill to grant pre-emption to certain lands in California was passed, as was also the Senate bill to regulate the foreign and coasting trade on the northern frontiers of the United States.—A resolution was adopted for the provision of additional grounds for the cemetery at the Soldiers' Home in Washington.—The National Currency bill was taken up, and after some slight amendments was laid over.—The bill appropriating $25,000,000 for the pay of the hundred-day volunteers from the Western States was discussed and put to vote; but no quorum appeared and the Senate adjourned.——*May* 3. The Senate non-concurred in the House amendments to the army appropriation bill, and asked a committee of conference.—Mr. Sherman called up the following resolution: That a quorum of the Senate shall hereafter consist of a majority of the Senators present duly qualified. After some remarks the resolution was passed over until the following day.—The Senate passed the bill appropriating $25,000,000 for the pay of the hundred-day volunteers.

House.—*April* 27. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Internal Tax bill, and a great variety of amendments were adopted, generally increasing the rates of taxation.—The Committee then rose, and Mr. Garfield reported a joint resolution appropriating $25,000,000 to pay for arming, equipping, clothing, subsistence, transportation, and pay of Western Volunteers for a period not less than 100 days, which was passed.—Mr. Fenton reported the Senate bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to increase the compensation of Inspectors of Customs, not to exceed $4 a day, which was also passed.——*April* 28. The House, in Committee of the Whole, resumed consideration of the Internal Revenue bill. Amendments were adopted taxing bank circulation one-fourth of one per cent. a month, and also taxing the average capital stock of banks. A section was also agreed to to tax liquors on hand on the 1st of May fifty cents a gallon. The bill was then passed, 102 to 33.—Messages were received from the President in regard to the condition of loyal citizens in East Tennessee, and as to the appointment of Frank Blair as Major-General. The message in reference to the latter subject stated that, when Generals Blair and Schenck resigned their commissions, it was with the understanding with the President and the Secretary of War that they could withdraw their resignations whenever they wanted to and resume their military rank. General Schenck denied that there was any such understanding in his case, and asked leave to offer a resolution calling for the documents in the case, which, however, was not granted.——*April* 29. The report and evidence in the case of Mr. Blair, charged with a liquor speculation while at Vicksburg, were ordered to be printed.—Mr. Schenck reported the Senate bill to legalize and increase the pay of soldiers, giving notice that he would call it up at an early day. This bill increases the pay of privates in the army, black and white alike, to $16 a month, and of corporals to $18.—Mr. Dawes offered a resolution calling upon the President to communicate to the House copies of all letters, notes, telegrams, orders, and other documents which have connection with the answer to the resolution asking whether F. P. Blair holds any appointment or commission in the military service.—Mr. Brooks offered an amendment calling for an examination into the condition of the Treasury Department, and especially as to the bureau in which the United States currency is printed. Upon this an excited and noisy debate ensued. Finally Mr. Dawes's resolution was adopted, Mr. Brooks failing in his motion.—The House took up the bill relative to providing a republican form of Government for States subverted or overthrown by the Rebellion. Mr. Schofield made a speech showing that slavery has been an element of discord in our republican system, has produced the present contingency of affairs, and ought therefore to be removed.—Mr. Stevens offered a substitute for the bill, declaring that the Confederate States, by waging an unjust war, have no right to claim exemption from the extreme rigors and rights of war: that none of the States which have seceded with the consent of a majority of their citizens can be tolerated and considered as within the Union, so as to be allowed a representation in Congress, or take part in the political Government; that they can not participate in our amendments to the Constitution, and, when amendments thereto are proposed, they can be adopted by a vote of two-thirds of the non-seceding States. Whenever the Federal forces conquer the seceding States they shall be regarded as separate Territories, and be represented in the House of Representatives the same as other Territories.——*April* 30. A resolution for a Special Committee to investigate the charges against the Treasury Department was adopted, and Messrs. Garfield, Wilson, Davis, Fenton, and Jenckes, Republicans, and Brooks, Stewart, Dawson, and Steele, Opposition, were appointed said Committee.—The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up, the question being on agreeing to the Senate's amendment thereto. The amendment placing colored troops on an equality, as regards pay, rations, and allowances with white soldiers, elicited a long discussion, but finally the amendment was adopted by a vote of 81 against 49.—The evening session was devoted to political speeches.——*May* 2. The House took up Mr. Wadsworth's resolution declaring that the powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved respectively to the States, or to the people, and that the Executive can neither directly nor indirectly exercise any of the powers thus reserved, or lawfully restrict or obstruct the exercise thereof by the people. Mr. Cox moved to lay it upon the table, in order to get a square vote upon it. This was disagreed to. Mr. Cox then asked for a vote directly on the resolution, which he said merely affirmed the language of the Constitution, but the House referred it to the Select Committee on the Rebellious States by a vote of 70 against 50.—A message was received from President Lincoln and read, giving the information called for respecting the assignment of Mr. Blair, of Missouri, to a command in the army.—The House passed the bill appropriating over a million of dollars to indemnifying citizens of Minnesota for losses sustained and depredations committed by Sioux Indians in that State.—The House also passed the Senate bill appropriating two hundred and twenty-three thousand dollars to enable refugee Indians in Kansas to return to their homes in the Cherokee country, and for other relief, and the bill for the relief of the Weas and other Indians, making an appropriation to reimburse them for their losses by the abstraction of their bonds from the Interior Department.—At the evening session Messrs. Longyear, Donnelly, Denison, Stevens, and Cravens made speeches on the bill for the reconstruction of the rebel States.——*May* 3. The House unanimously passed a bill providing that on and after the 1st of May the pay of privates in arms shall be increased from $13 to $16 per month, and of non-commissioned officers as follows: Corporals, $18; sergeants, $20; orderly-sergeants, $24; sergeant-majors, $26 per month; clerks to paymasters, $1200 per annum, etc.—Mr. Stevens reported amendments to the Navy Appropriation bill, and the House concurred in them, appropriating $7,200,000 for the completion of sixteen screw steam sloops, $4,000,000 for the purchase and repair of vessels for Western waters, and $3,000,000 for the purchase and charter of vessels for blockading purposes.—The House concurred in the Senate amendment providing that the Naval Academy shall be returned and re-established at Annapolis before the commencement of the next academic year.—The House resumed the consideration of the bill guaranteeing a republican form of government to the States subverted or overthrown by the rebellion, and the matter was debated at length by Messrs Gooch, Fernando Wood, Kelley, and others.

### THE MILITARY SITUATION.

News from the Red River to the 19th of April is to the effect that General Banks, having strongly fortified Grand Ecore, had marched out to meet the rebels, and that skirmishing had been in progress for some days. Reinforcements for General Banks's army were going forward. The Red River was falling, but the Mississippi was rising fast. General Stone and others of the staff of General Banks had arrived at Alexandria, on their way to New Orleans. General Stone had been superseded by General Dwight. A small Union fleet has gone up the Washita River. A cavalry expedition had been sent out on the north bank of the Red River, near Alexandria, by General Grover. The Federal losses in the late battles foot up over 4000, and those of the enemy are placed as high as 7000, which is probably an exaggeration. A rumor that General Banks had fallen back to Alexandria has not been confirmed.

Advices from Camden, Arkansas, say that General Steele's army is at that place. General Thayer joined General Steele at Elkin's Ferry, on the Little Missouri River, where the rebels were driven from a line of breastworks commanding the river bottom. The enemy next made a stand at Prairie de Anna, which was fortified with a line of rifle-pits and epaulements, for guns in barbette, a mile and a half long. General Steele flanked their position, and General Price retreated, after a brisk fight, toward Washington. General Steele pursued the rebels toward Washington, and then suddenly turned and pushed for Camden. Price discovered the trick, and started for Camden also. A desperate race ensued, and although heavy skirmishing occurred all the way, Steele came out victor, and entered the enemy's fortifications unopposed. Camden is strongly fortified with nine forts. All its approaches are well guarded, and it can be held against a largely superior force. The report that General Steele has occupied Shreveport is repeated by persons arrived in New Orleans from Red River, but is probably premature.

The rebel ram *Roanoke*, which assisted in the capture of Plymouth, North Carolina, was somewhat injured in the fight, but it is reported that as soon as she is repaired the enemy will attempt the capture of all the towns in North Carolina now held by our forces. From all accounts General Wessels and his little band of 1500 veterans, at Plymouth, fought like heroes for four days and nights, leaving the rebels dead in heaps in every street, which they admit will number 1700.

The rebels in Charleston harbor attempted to blow up the *Wabash* frigate, on the 18th ult., with a torpedo-boat. They were, however, discovered and repulsed. Commander Rowan gives the following report of the affair: "On the night of the 18th the deck officer of the *Wabash* discovered a dark object about one hundred and fifty yards distant from that vessel, which corresponded in shape and movements to the torpedo-boat of the rebels. It moved rapidly up against the tide till opposite the main-mast, and then turned and stood directly for the ship. The men of the *Wabash* quickly rushed to their quarters upon the beat of the gong, and when the supposed torpedo-boat was about fifty yards distant round shot were fired at her from each of the spar-deck guns. A round shot is supposed to have struck and sunk her, as she was seen no more after the first fire, and the second volley struck in the immediate vicinity of the first."

The Army of the Potomac still occupies its old position. General Lee is reported to be massing a large force on our front, near Orange Court House. Beauregard's army from Charleston, and the rebel force in Florida, are both said to have been brought to Virginia, giving Lee an infantry force of eighty thousand, and a cavalry force of twenty-thousand. Meanwhile General Grant is also concentrating a heavy force, and conferences of our Generals are held frequently, evidently looking toward an early movement. The town of Madison Court House was burned by our forces last week, the troops having been fired upon from the houses by rebels, who took refuge in them on our approach. A cavalry expedition from the Army of the Potomac returned on 2d inst., after having visited Leesburg, Rectortown, and Upperville. Near Upperville a portion of Mosby's guerrilla band was encountered, when a sharp fight ensued, which resulted in the loss to the rebels of two killed and four wounded, and twenty-three taken prisoners.

In General Butler's Department unusual activity is reported.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

A Richmond paper says that provisions are scarce in that city, and that the town people will have to live on half rations until the country people who have provisions to spare shall have heard of the defeat of Grant's army.

The Union troops have evacuated Little Washington, North Carolina, being needed elsewhere.

Four hundred exchanged Union prisoners arrived at Fortress Monroe on the 1st instant. They were horribly emaciated, and many of them entirely helpless.

The Committee to investigate the Fort Pillow butchery have taken fifty-seven depositions, which more than confirm the newspaper accounts of the massacre. Among the witnesses who were examined was the negro who was buried alive. There is no doubt of the fact that one or more persons were nailed through their flesh to pieces of wood, and then burnt alive. Not only on the day of the surrender were such fiendish acts perpetrated, but on the next day in cold blood.

A fire occurred at Wilmington, North Carolina, on the 28th ult., by which about 4400 bales of cotton, 25 freight cars, the railroad offices, the rosin and oil works, cotton-press, a ship-yard, etc., were burned. The loss is estimated at $5,000,000. The Confederate Government lose about $1,000,000.

The Richmond *Examiner* of the 29th ult. says: "If we hold our own in Virginia until summer is ended, the North's power of mischief every where will be gone. If we lose, the South's capacity for resistance will be broken. The Confederacy has ample power to keep its place in Virginia if its means are employed with energy and consistency. And this is the last year of the war, whichever wins."

## FOREIGN NEWS.

### EUROPE.

#### THE SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN WAR.

Fresh disaster has befallen the Danes. On the 18th ult. the Prussians made a fierce assault on Düppel, which they captured after a stubborn engagement. The loss of the Danes was 2600 men, 400 officers, and 90 guns; that of the Prussians amounted to about 600 killed and wounded. The greater part of the Prussian army, immediately after the engagement, was ordered into Jutland to occupy all that province and besiege Fredericia. Nothing now remains to the Danes of the Duchy of Schleswig but the island of Alsen, and even this, according to a dispatch from Hamburg, has already been occupied by the Prussians.—The Conference met in London on the 19th, but adjourned to the 25th without organizing, to await further arrivals of delegates.

#### GREAT BRITAIN.

The entry of Garibaldi into London took place on April 11, and was one of the greatest ovations the capital of England has ever witnessed. At every step the General was greeted with enthusiastic cheers. On the 16th he had another enthusiastic reception at the Crystal Palace. The number present was estimated at from 25,000 to 30,000, composed of all classes. Quite a sensation was created in all England by the report that the General intended to bring his visit to a close and leave immediately for Italy. The state of his health was assigned as a reason; but it was believed, notwithstanding the denial by Earl Palmerston and the *Moniteur*, that an outside pressure to induce him to quit the country had been brought to bear upon the mind of the great Italian. He embarked for Caprera on the 26th, having first issued an address to the people of England for their generous hospitality.

The paternity of the famous Laird iron-clads is said to have been acknowledged by the Pasha of Egypt, who, a correspondent of the London *Times* asserts, states that he ordered their construction.

It is stated that France, England, and Russia had been completely reconciled by the efforts of Lord Clarendon in Paris.

The demonstrations in England in honor of the tercentenary of Shakspeare were in full progress. In Liverpool they had gone off with great *éclat*. The Interdiction of the English Shakspeare banquet at Paris was withdrawn on the 22d ult.

#### MAXIMILIAN AND MEXICO.

Maximilian accepted the crown from the Mexican deputation at Miramar on the 10th of April. The formality was conducted with great pomp. The new Emperor made a speech in reply to the deputation, stating that he was convinced that the throne was voted by a great majority of the Mexican people. After this he was addressed as Emperor and the Archduchess as Empress. On the 18th the Emperor and Empress visited Rome, receiving a most enthusiastic welcome. On the 19th they had an audience with the Pope; and on the 20th left for Civita Vecchia, where they immediately embarked. The subscriptions to the Mexican loan in France are said to be large.

## ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

On the 2d inst. the National Guard of Ohio reported for active duty under the 100 days' call with greater promptness than was expected. Returns have been received from all but 43 companies, and the strength, so far, is 34,914 men, which will be increased to 38,000 by organizations yet to report.

Commodore Wilkes has been sentenced to a public reprimand by the Secretary of the Navy, and suspension from duty for three years, for disobedience of orders, insubordination, refusing obedience to general orders, etc.

There are thirty-three war vessels at the Brooklyn Navy-yard undergoing repairs.

By direction of the President the Indian Territory and military post of Fort Smith, included in the Department of Kansas, are transferred to the Department of Arkansas. Major-General Blunt, United States Volunteers, is about to repair to Fort Leavenworth, and report to the commanding officer of the Department of Kansas for orders.

Major-General N. J. T. Dana has been ordered West on a tour of inspection. General Dana formerly commanded the United States forces in Texas.

It is stated that the *Canonicus*, iron-clad, which recently left Boston, is of draft sufficiently light to operate in the North Carolina waters.

Colonel Osborne, commanding a regiment at Memphis, was recently murdered by some of his own soldiers, to whom he had made himself obnoxious.

On the 21st ult. an expedition in boats from the gunboats *Niphon* and *Fort Jackson*, under command of Captain Breck of the *Niphon*, proceeded to within seven miles of Wilmington, North Carolina, where they succeeded in destroying the North Carolina Salt Works and other property valued at over $100,000, and brought away fifty-five prisoners, workers in the salt lines.

It is said that Major-General Halleck has been put in command of the Cavalry Bureau.

Our dispatches from New Orleans report the burning by the rebels of large quantities of cotton on the Red River as somewhat exaggerated. Not more than 75,000 bales have been thus destroyed.

The army Appropriation Bill appropriates $2,715,000 for medicines, instruments, and dressings.

A draft was commenced in New Jersey on the 3d inst., for a deficiency of eight thousand eight hundred and fifty men on the two previous calls of the President.

General Martindale, an experienced and thorough soldier, will have command of a division under General Butler.

Missouri's quota is said to be full, except 530, and more than that number of colored volunteers are yet to be credited.

Several important changes have taken place in the Department of the South. General Gillmore has been relieved from duty at Hilton Head, and is succeeded by Brigadier-General John P. Hatch. Brigadier-General William Birney, of the colored troops, takes General Hatch's place in Florida.

Major-General Wallace, in command of the Middle Department, has issued an order from his head-quarters at Baltimore, directing that all real estate, slaves, railroads, and bank stocks, which are the property of those who have joined the rebel army and gone South to abet the rebels, shall be forthwith turned over to the United States Quarter-master.

It has been learned through various sources that the rebel force that attacked Plymouth consisted of eighteen regiments of infantry, three of cavalry, and sixty pieces of artillery. Twelve of these regiments were borrowed from Lee's army; the rest were North Carolina State troops. Three sections of the artillery were taken from Kinston, two sections from Tarboro, four sections from Raleigh, and the rest from Richmond.

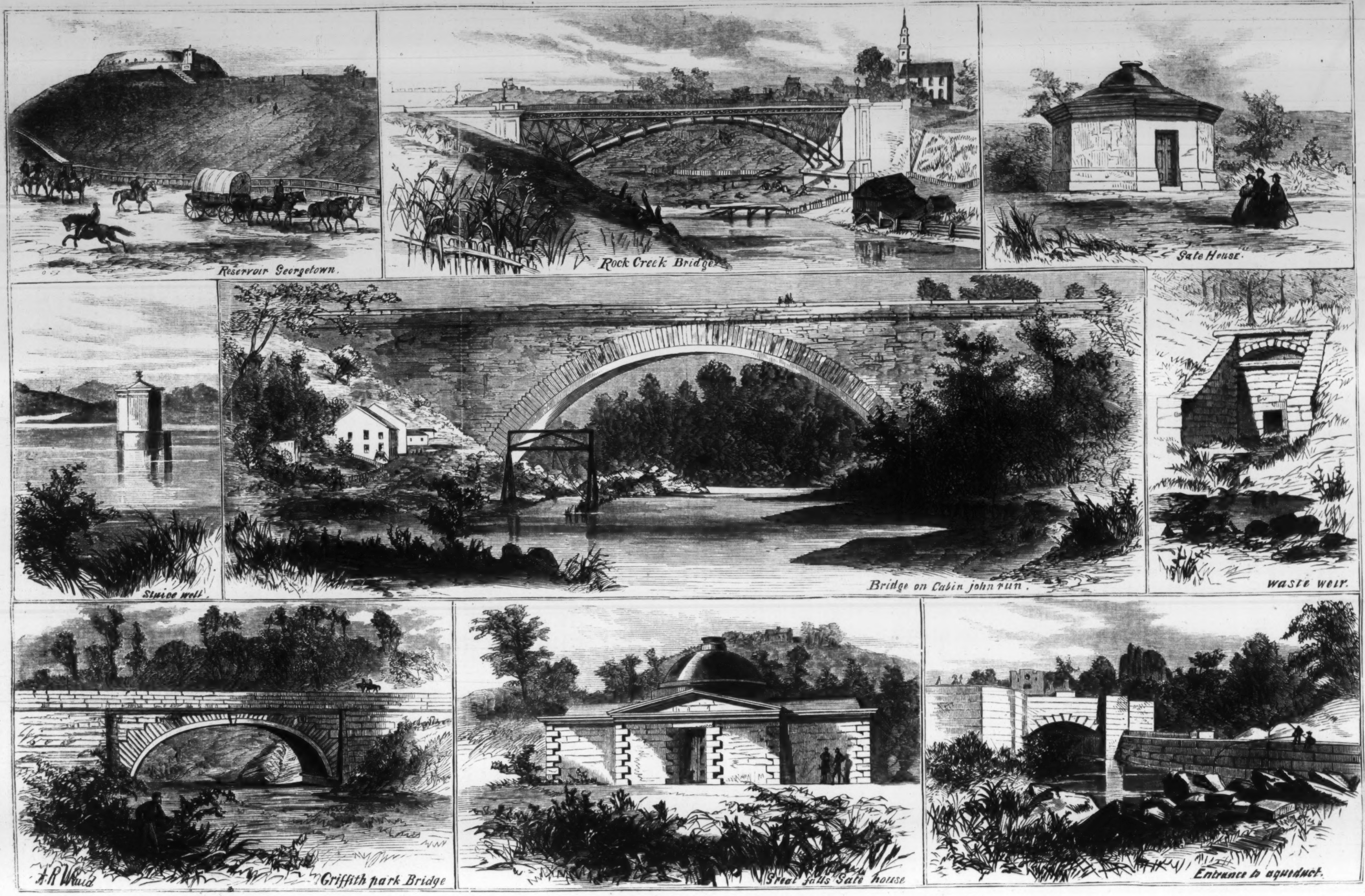
Brigadier-General Seymour, who was in command at the time of the Florida disaster, has arrived in Washington. It is understood that he is to have a command under General Grant.

General Beauregard is said to be placed in command of the rebel forces in North Carolina. General Peck has been removed by our Government from command in the same district, and General Palmer appointed in his place.

Dispatches to the Western papers state that General Steele captured at Camden, Arkansas, nine fortifications of great strength, fourteen hogsheads of sugar, four hundred barrels of molasses, several tons of rock-salt, and three prisoners. The cotton for ten miles round had been burned by Price, numbering two thousand bales.

A court-martial has been ordered to try the publishers and correspondents of newspapers who have been guilty of promulgating news contraband of war.

Admiral Dahlgren has left Washington to resume command of the iron-clad fleet off Charleston.


Reservoir Georgetown.
Rock Creek Bridge
Gate House.
Sluice well
Bridge on Cabin john run.
waste weir.
A.R. Waud
Griffith park Bridge
Great falls Gate house
Entrance to aqueduct.

VIEWS OF THE GREAT AQUEDUCT, WASHINGTON, DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—[See Page 309.]

## THE TWO POETS.

April 23, 1864.

SHAKESPEARE.

Gramercy! what a night for stalking deer!
My kingdom for a— Hold! what have we here?
A head of Schiller? Phœbus! can it be
Schiller in Central Park ahead of me?

SCHILLER.

Goodden, good Shakespeare, *Guten Abend*—long
Have I thy coming waited, Prince of Song,
Guarding the snowy flocks that round me throng.

SHAKESPEARE.

What flocks, O Schiller!—*cujum pecus?*—say
Whose errant sheep into thy pasture stray?

SCHILLER.

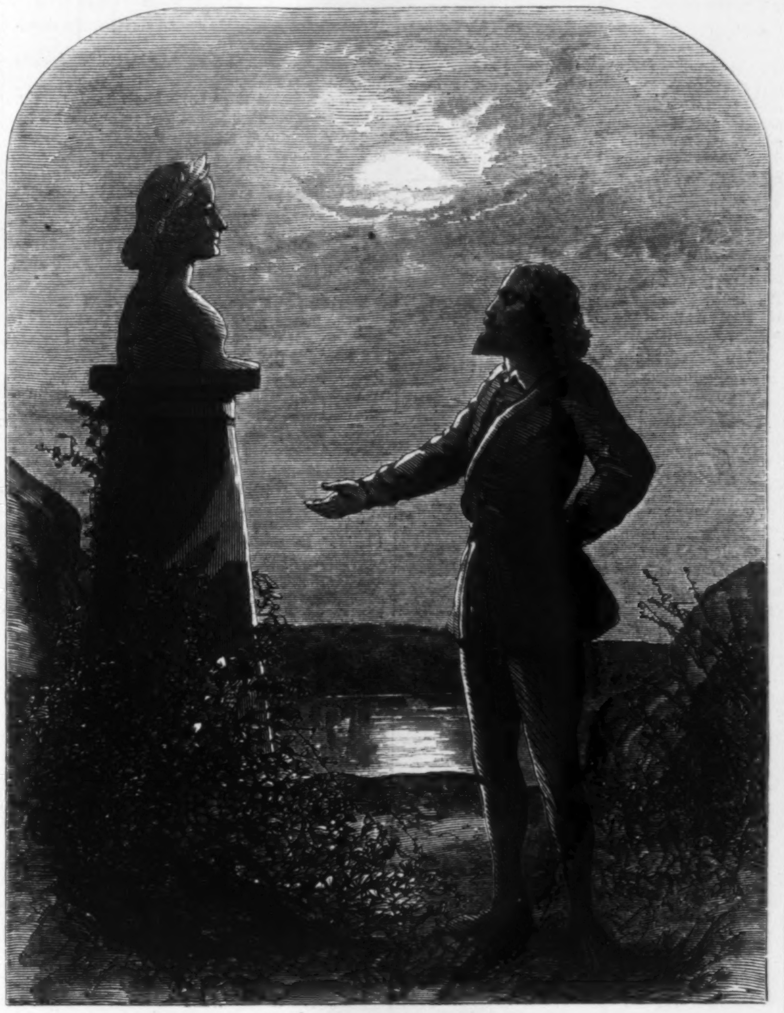
No errant sheep; but the white birds that yon
The lakelet's placid bosom rest upon,
And are to mankind thy comparison.

SHAKESPEARE.

O faithful Schiller! who, by lake and river,
My truant swans thus unto me deliver,
Half of my white-necked flock be thine, forever!

## MAJOR-GENERAL SHERIDAN.

Major-General Philip Henry Sheridan, commander of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac, whose portrait we give below, was born of Irish parentage in Perry County, Ohio, in 1831. He was appointed to a cadetship at West Point in 1848, and graduated there in June, 1853. In the same year he was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the First United States Infantry, and ordered to duty at Fort Duncan, Texas, where he remained about two years. Early in 1855 he was promoted to a Second Lieutenancy in the Fourth United States Infantry. In July of that year he went to California in charge of a body of recruits, and was appointed to the command of the escort of Lieutenant Williamson, engaged in surveying a route for a proposed branch of the Pacific Railroad from San Francisco to the Columbia River, Oregon. Detached at Vancouver's Island, in September, 1855, he was assigned to a command of a body of dragoons which accompanied Major Raine's expedition against the Yakima Indians. In an engagement with them, April 28, 1856, Lieutenant Sheridan acquitted himself so gallantly as to be mentioned in general orders. In May, 1856, he was in command of the Indian Reservation in the Coast Range of Mountains. In 1857 he received the compliments of General Scott, then General-in-Chief, for bringing about an adjustment of a difficulty with the Coquillo Indians. Later in the same year he erected a military post at Yamhill, on the Indian Reservation.



SHAKESPEARE AND SCHILLER.

On the 14th of March, 1861, he was promoted to a Captaincy in the Thirteenth Infantry, and from that position gradually advanced until June, 1862, when he became commander of the Second Brigade of the Cavalry Division, Army of the Mississippi, having served with great gallantry in some of the heaviest engagements in the Southwest. In July, 1862, he defeated the rebel General Chalmers before Corinth, and was at once promoted to the grade of Brigadier-General, and given a stronger command; being assigned, in October of that year, to the command of the Eleventh Division of the Army of the Ohio, accompanying General Buell in his advance upon Bragg, and participating in the battle of Perryville, where he held the key of the Federal position, and repulsed two desperate charges of the rebels. General Sheridan was in command of a division at the battle of Stone River, and distinguished himself in a most remarkable manner, for which, on the special recommendation of General Rosecrans, he was made a Major-General, December 31, 1862, his appointment receiving the confirmation of the Senate, March, 1863. In the battles of Chicamauga and Mission Ridge he won fresh laurels; and in his present position he will no doubt fully maintain his already exalted reputation.

General Sheridan is under the medium height, but is robustly built, and is full of life and energy. He knows more about the various fields of action than any one of his associates. Like the lamented Kearney, he makes all his leading reconnoissances in person. He informs himself thoroughly on all the topographical features of the hostile country through which he marches, and all the resources of the enemy. He is never taken by surprise. The wants of his soldiers are always amply provided for. Hence, wherever he leads his men are sure to follow, confident alike in his courage, in his discretion, and his sympathy in all their needs.

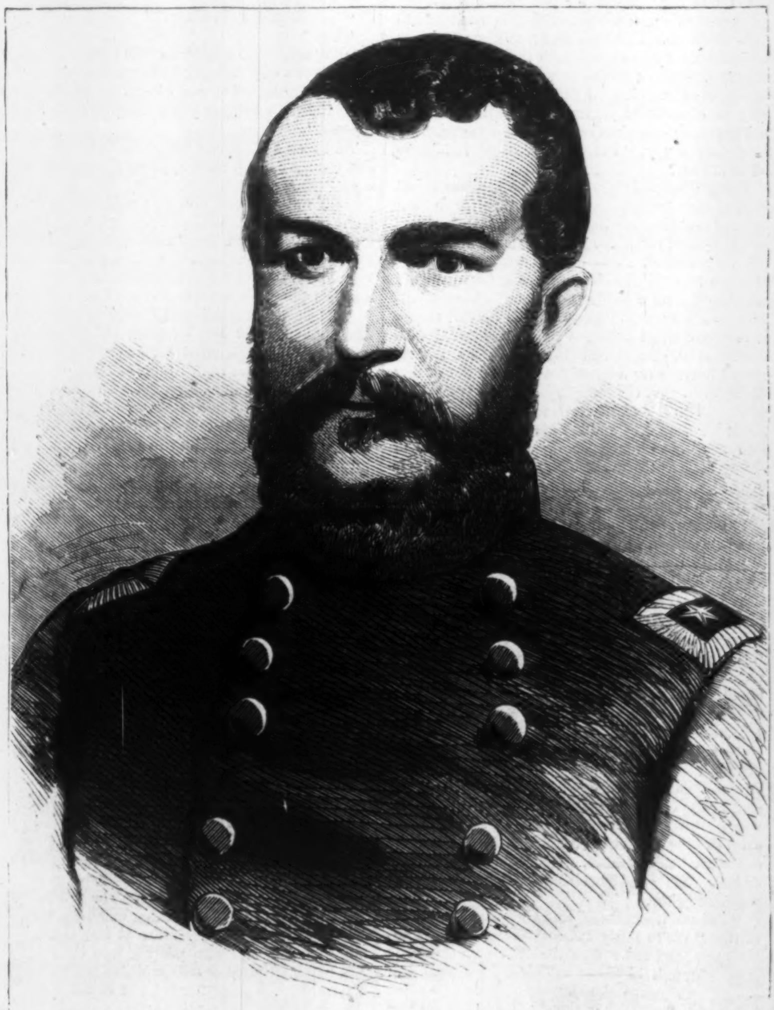
## GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM.

General Thomas E. Greenfield Ransom, whose portrait we give on this page, was seriously wounded in the battle at Sabine Cross Roads, Louisiana, on the 8th of April. He was born in Norwich, Windsor county, Vermont, on November 29, 1835. He is the son of Colonel Ransom, who fell at Chapultepec, September, 1847. General Ransom entered the service as Captain of the Eleventh Illinois Volunteers on April 26, 1861, and became Major in May, and Lieutenant-Colonel in July of the same year. He was stationed at Cairo, and afterward at Charleston, Missouri, where he was wounded. During January, 1862, he removed to Paducah, to take part in the reconnoissance, under General Grant, into Western Kentucky, to the rear of Columbus. He next took part in the movement upon Fort Henry and the contests before Fort Donelson, where he was again wounded, commanding his regiment on both occasions. In February he was promoted to the Colonelcy, in place of W. H. L. Wallace, appointed Brigadier-General. He participated in the battle of Shiloh, where he was a third time wounded, and afterward assisted in guarding the Memphis and Charleston Railroad. On November 29, 1862, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and confirmed on March 9, 1863. During the latter month he formed one of the examining board of officers for the Seventeenth Army Corps. He was next placed in command of the First Brigade of the Sixth Division of that corps, and took a prominent part in the siege operations of Vicksburg, gaining great distinction, his brigade forming part of the force selected to occupy the city after the surrender. He was next placed in command of the post at Natchez, from which he was relieved during September, 1863, and ordered to the Department of the Gulf. There he has shown the highest soldierly capacities, distinguishing himself especially by his gallantry at Sabine Cross Roads, where he was wounded for the fourth time while standing among the guns of one of our batteries.

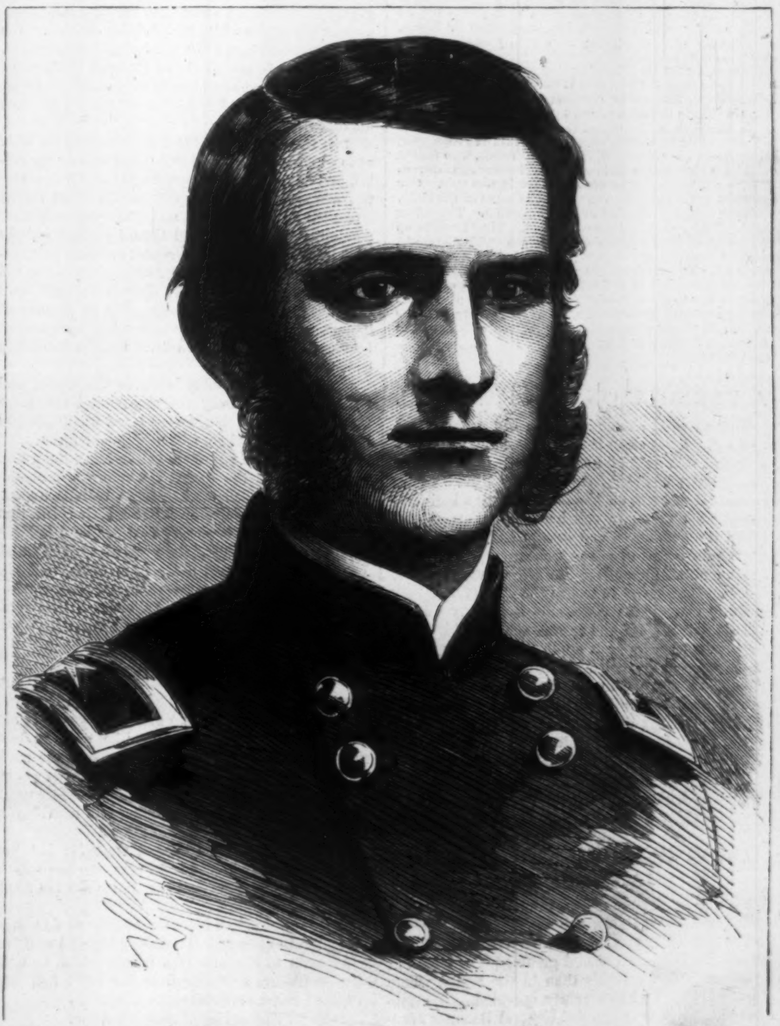
## THE WASHINGTON AQUEDUCT.

We give on page 308 a series of views of the Washington Aqueduct, at Washington, District of Columbia. The first of the series represents the high Service Reservoir at Georgetown. The next shows the handsome Bridge over Rock Creek, on Pennsylvania Avenue, the water being conveyed in the pipes which form the arch of the bridge. The octagonal building is the Gate-house of the Receiving Reservoir; the Sluice-well or Tower regulates the flow of water from the receiving reservoir. The Bridge over Cabin John Run, a muddy stream, is a splendid piece of masonry, with an arch of 220 feet span. The Waste Weir, as its name implies, is a drain for the aqueduct. The Griffith Park Bridge is a dry arch over a ravine. The Gate-house, at the head of the aqueduct, is a triumph of engineering and a handsome building. The last sketch, the Entrance to the Aqueduct, describes itself.

The Washington Aqueduct was built by the Unit-



MAJOR-GENERAL PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.—Photographed by Anthony.]



GENERAL THOMAS E. GREENFIELD RANSOM.—[Photographed by Brady.]

ed States Government, for the "purpose of supplying the cities of Washington and Georgetown with pure and wholesome water." The original surveys and plans were made by Captain (now General) M. C. MEIGS, of the United States Engineers, in the winter of 1852-3. The plan adopted was to bring the water from the Great Falls of the Potomac, through a conduit, built of brick and stone, circular in form, of nine feet diameter. The Potomac is to be dammed about half a mile above the Falls by a cut-stone dam of solid masonry, 3000 feet in length, in the form of an arc, extending to the Virginia shore. At present the water is supplied only from a small portion of the river, a temporary dam having been thrown from the Maryland shore to an island. Ten miles from "the Falls" is the Receiving Reservoir, a natural basin of some sixty acres, filled with water from a number of small streams entering into it. It is this water which the inhabitants of Washington have been using for some four years; but on the 5th of December last the Potomac water was introduced with appropriate ceremonies. Unfortunately, in the original plan no provision was made for bringing the Potomac water around this Reservoir. Consequently the purer waters from the river are mingled with those of the small streams which receive the surface-drainage from a large area, and are rendered turbid on every shower. The present accomplished Chief-Engineer, Colonel SILAS SEYMOUR, proposes to remedy this by constructing a separate connecting conduit around this Reservoir, and this plan is recommended by the Secretary of the Interior in his annual report. Two miles nearer the city is the Distributing Reservoir, yet unfinished. When completed this will be a double basin of some forty acres' extent, the banks all lined with substantial slope-walls. From this the water is distributed to the city through cast-iron mains.

The crossing of Rock Creek, between Washington and Georgetown, is effected by a unique and beautiful bridge of iron pipes, the arch, of about 200 feet span, being composed of the mains through which the water passes. The structures of masonry along the line of the aqueduct are all built in the most substantial manner.

The total length of conduit is about twelve miles, and the level of water surface in the reservoirs 146 feet above mean tide. The diameter of conduit is nine feet, and the capacity 85,000,000 gallons daily. The estimated cost of the work is $3,500,000.

## ENGAGEMENT OF GUN-BOATS ON THE RED RIVER.

WE give on our first page an illustration of the engagement between Admiral PORTER'S gun-boats and a large body of rebels on the Red River, above Grand Ecore, on the 12th ult. Admiral PORTER thus refers to the affair in his report to the Navy Department:

> On the evening of the 12th inst. we were attacked from the right bank of the river by a part of the rebel army which two or three days previous had gained success over our army, and, flushed with victory, or under the excitement of liquor, appeared suddenly upon the right bank and fearlessly opened fire on the *Osage*, Lieutenant-Commander F. O. SELFRIDGE (iron-clad), she being hard aground at the time, with a transport (the *Black Hawk*) alongside of her, towing her off. The rebels opened with 2000 muskets, and soon drove every one out of the *Black Hawk* to the safe casemates of the monitor. Lieutenant BACHE had just come from his vessel (the *Lexington*), and fortunately was enabled to pull up to her again, keeping close up to the bank, while the *Osage* opened a destructive fire on these poor, deluded wretches, who, maddened by liquor, and led on by their officers, were vainly attempting to capture an iron vessel.
>
> I am told that their hooting and actions baffle description; force after force seemed to be brought up to the edge of the bank, where they confronted the guns of the iron vessels, only to be mowed down by grape-shot and canister. In the mean time Lieutenant BACHE had reached his vessel, and, widening the distance between him and the *Osage*, he opened a cross-fire on the infuriated rebels, who fought with such desperation and courage against certain destruction that it could only be accounted for in one way. Our opinions were verified on inspection of some of the slain, the men actually smelling of Louisiana rum. This affair lasted two hours before the rebels fled. They brought up two pieces of artillery, one of which was quickly knocked over by the *Lexington's* guns; the other they managed to carry off. The cross-fire of the *Lexington* finally decided this curious affair of a fight between infantry and gun-boats. The rebels were mowed down by her canister, and finally retreated in as quick haste as they had come to the attack, leaving the space of a mile covered with dead and wounded, muskets and knapsacks.

## A PARROTT ON THE RAMPAGE.

THE spirited sketch on page 312 represents a scene which has often been witnessed by naval officers and sailors. The scene of the incident here illustrated was the forecastle of the United States steamer *Richmond*, off Mobile. During a high sea, causing the vessel to roll heavily, a Parrott gun broke from its stays and knocked about with the utmost disregard of the consequences, occasioning great excitement among the sailors, who at once, however, proceeded to secure the gun as best they could. Our sketch represents the hardy fellows laboring to placate and restore the monster to his proper position by such appliances as they had at hand, taking care, however, while engaged in their persuasive task, not to put themselves in too close proximity to the frolicsome Parrott. Such scenes, while sometimes exposing the sailors to peril, always produce an agreeable excitement on ship-board, where even misfortune, if it only comes in a novel shape, is sometimes welcomed as a relief to a monotony which no pen can describe.

## UNION REFUGEES IN THE LOUISIANA SWAMPS.

WE give on page 313 an illustration showing a RENDEZVOUS OF UNION REFUGEES IN THE SWAMPS OF WESTERN LOUISIANA. In no part of the Union have the loyalists suffered greater persecutions at the hands of the rebels than in the region where General BANKS has recently operated. A correspondent who accompanied General BANKS's army says that many Union men have been in the swamps for two years, having been driven there for refuge from the conscription. In many cases they were hunted by dogs, in others they escaped with wounds from the smoking ruins of their own homes, and did not dare to discover themselves until the advance of the Union forces, when they came out by hundreds from their dismal retreats, and enrolled themselves as scouts and rangers. Our illustration gives a vivid picture of the life which, for two years or more, these men have been compelled to live, for no other crime than refusing to turn against their flag and country.

## AT PLEASANT HILL.

[On the battle-field at Pleasant Hill, the night following the engagement, a boy only nineteen years of age and an old man were found dead, lying side by side, each face wearing a smile.]

Two faces lying pale and stark
  Beneath the solemn midnight calm:
Two rifles gleaming in the dark,
  Dropped from the unnerved dying palm:
Two faces bleak and stark and white,
In silence fading through the night.

One face a boy's, with auburn hair
  Its outline fringing like a veil;
A forehead rounded, soft, and fair,
  That until then no pelting hail
In all life's storm had scarred or torn,
That never one sad look had worn.

Still on the lips a smile remained,
  As if some dream had loitered there—
Some dream of home that, travel-stained,
  Had come to him with holy prayer—
Had come and whispered words of cheer,
And fond good-bys from kindred dear.

One face a boy's:—The other sown
  And seamed with prints of weary years—
Sad years that in their march had strewn
  Life's way with shadows, losses, tears—
A face with beard of silver white,
Wet with the falling dews of night.

No braver souls than theirs that day
  Had faced the battle's fiery rain—
Through all, sweet voices far away
  Talked with them, soothing all their pain—
The pain of wounds they panted for,
And, having won, as trophies wore.

Death came at last—came in the flash
  Of desperate charge, and here they lie—
Lie in a sleep no cannon's crash
  Shall ever break—no storms that fly
Shall ever smite with harsh alarm—
A sleep God-watched against all harm.

The noble dead!—Not lost are they:
  Through all the years their worth shall shine;
Their deeds shall live, and light our way
  To those far heights where God shall twine
All royal souls with garlands white
As were these faces on that night.

## A STORY OF LAWRENCE.

MUSIC sounded from below, and a cheery bustle of people moving about in the drawing-rooms, while in the dimness of my chamber I could scarcely see my scarred and disfigured face in the long dressing-glass before which I stood, idly sticking in and out a great pin in the white frilled toilet cushion. We are not specially apt, I think, to confide in ourselves. I did not say to myself that I lingered because the drawing-rooms were all one flood of merciless light, and Philip Hays had not seen me since I had lost all that smooth dazzle of skin, and flitting rose-red, that he used to praise; but I straightened the slide at my belt, and tied and retied the bow at my collar, and then losing courage altogether, sat down by the window, and looked out on the quiet starlit street till Alice called me, and there was no further possibility of evasion; and then I slipped quietly adown the stair and in at my seat (which fortunately was in the shadow), never once glancing up till they all were fairly seated; though I might have spared that pains, since Philip, after an absence of four months, was too busy with Eliza Vaughan to bestow on me more than a brief look and careless smile.

Mother is the calmest being in the world, and never forgets her lofty courtesy; but I could see that every drop of the Morton blood was boiling in her veins, while Alice, who is like our father, and has less reticence and more of the King Lake fire, followed me to the recessed window, where, the wretched meal over, I made haste to hide myself out of sight. It was almost like a little room, that window, shut out by heavy curtains, and holding a stand of heliotrope and the great fauteuil in which I sat, my face turned away from Alice, that she need not see its comment on what was passing without while I listened to her in silence. I hate sympathy and condolence, because that shows that people know that your heart is sore.

At last:

"I know you want to be alone," said Alice; "but, my dear, I am in a rage, and I can't go out there yet, and smile into Eliza Vaughan's eyes. If she means, in an honest business-like way, 'a bold stroke for a husband,' why, Heaven save the mark and help the husband! say I; but I detest her would-be strategy. Imagine her telling him before us all that she never dreamed of finding him here!"

"Well."

"Oh, be ice if you choose, Georgia; but you know as well as I that two hours ago she was in wrapper and slippers and that toilet was the result of seeing him pass the house."

I could not help a glance out at the perfection of the toilet in question. It was daintily and well fancied, even to her film of a handkerchief, and the scarlet flowers drooping from her black hair, and Philip I knew noted all these things.

"As for Philip Hays," pursued Alice.

"What of him?" demanded a pleasant voice, as the person in question parted the curtains and took possession of the footstool near me.

Alice gave a little shake and shrug of the shoulders for all reply, and vanished.

"What of Philip?" he asked again, looking searchingly up in my face.

"What should there be?" I answered, lightly. "You knew our thoughts of you when you left us, and four months is too short space for the growth of new opinions concerning an old friend."

"Are you quite sure of that, Georgia?" he asked, quickly. "Is it only my fancy that tells me you looked at me then with different eyes from now?"

Our tongues wag often without leave, and, "Ah, the eyes were set in a different face!" slipped from mine, as if the words had been those of some third person.

To that the answer came swift as thought.

"Not for me, my darling. I loved the face then, and I love it now, better than my life. *You are* my life, and that for which I care to live;" and then I hardly remember more than that my hand was taken into his clasp, and that so we sat in a sort of charmed hush, looking out through the open casement on the soft dark of the summer night, till Eliza Vaughan had gone away in a pet; and some time on, late in the evening, Alice and George, my brother-in-law, parted the curtains and peered in, laughing at us.

"Why were you not at town-meeting, Dr. Philip?" he asked, with merry malice. "The Croakers and the Wise men were there in full force, and not having you to turn the scales, we were equally divided and have done nothing. The Croakers will have it that, at five seconds after midnight precisely, the guerrillas will be upon us, and that every man of us should sleep with a powder-horn for a night-cap, and with one eye open; while the Wise men, of whom, as you all know me, it is not necessary to say that I am one, incline to the belief that there are no guerrillas within fifty miles, and that Ewing's men are quite competent to protect us."

Philip looked grave.

"And in case they *do* come? What have you done?"

"Done! why nothing; unless we except a few resolutions specially affecting that much belabored future generation."

"Have you any arms?"

"Not I! except those nature gave me. Are you too going to turn Croaker on our hands! What would you have us do? Patrol the streets and frighten our little girls out of their senses? Here is my stout-hearted Alice trembling in her shoes already."

"Why did you tell me of your meeting?" rejoined Alice, petulantly. "I am quite certain that I shall not sleep to-night."

"Nor any of us," observed mother, placidly, "unless we move bedward soon. It is getting on to twelve."

All this time, under this surface chat, half-grave, half-jesting, was going on that quiet, electric, unspoken talk, in which is transacted so much of the business of home; for you see they had all an honest pride and pleasure in my fair looks, and it was a sore blow at mother and Alice on that first day when I had tottered down from my sick room; and when it was known that Philip was coming, the kind souls had worn an air of waiting and anxiety that my pride only half liked; and now I found the pleasure shining in their eyes almost as ill to bear. Perhaps, too, I was impatient of all this pother about the guerrillas, of which we had enough in Lawrence to grow tired, and of Philip's grave, anxious looks, as he still held my hand, red with the pressure of his fingers tightening their grasp in the unconscious energy of his thought. I had been "heart hungry, very poor" in spirit for many weeks, and now, in the parvenue insolence of my sudden happiness, I was ready to say, "I shall never be moved." So blind are we!

It was after midnight when the house was at last hushed and the lights out, and an hour or so later before I could lose my tumultuous thinking in sleep; and it seemed but a few short moments when, from the very deepest abyss of that heavy, dreamless slumber that follows close on strong excitement, I was dragged on a sudden up to startled consciousness by a hideous and inconceivable uproar, raging in the quiet street below, of clattering hoofs, hoarse shouts, cries, groans, cracking pistol-shots, and repeated hurrahs for a name that I could not at first distinguish. At the same instant Alice opened my door, still in her night-dress, her long fair hair all about her shoulders, and her bare feet hastily thrust into slippers, leading, or dragging rather, poor sleepy little Susie by the hand. She came close to my bed, and in all that horrible tumult whispered, as though those without could hear her,

"Georgia, don't you hear! Get up at once; the guerrillas are in Lawrence!"

I knew then what it was they said. "Hurrah for Quantrell!"

We are all ready enough to avow ourselves heirs to all manner of indefinite human ills, but if by chance we come into sudden possession of any of this species of property we accept it always with a feeling of astonishment that calamity should have found *us* out. I had this species of incredulity strong upon me, the nightmare feeling that this was some dreadful dream to be shaken off by an effort of will. I dressed with a sort of stony apathy, frozen into despair rather than maddened by the hideous outcries without. Alice wandered aimlessly from one spot to the other, incapable of any exertion. She was distracted with terror. Mother came to us calm as ever, but for the tremble in her steady tones as she was hushing Susie. George and Philip joined us last. They had been looking after the doors and windows below.

"Though it's useless," said George, with a bitter oath. "We're fairly trapped; caught here without arms, and not a door that those villains can't crash through in three minutes. Do you hear them? They are shooting men down right and left out there. What the devil are the soldiers doing across the river, while loyal men are murdered here like rats in a trap?"

Out on the gray sky of the early dawn flamed now a wicked blood-red light, shooting up in pointed, climbing flame, and making all the dim street as bright as noonday. They had fired the house just below (Eliza Vaughan's), and we saw her grandfather, poor old man, crazed with terror, run with feeble, tottering steps from the shadow into the great flare of light, and drop upon his knees, lifting up his hands for mercy; and so kneeling fall to the pavement, his white hair all dabbled in blood, shot with deliberate aim by one of the men of whom the streets were now full, mounted and on foot, their scowling faces putting on the look of veritable demons in the glare as they aimed at every head showing either in door or window, and picked off unlucky fugitives trying to make good their escape. They worked with system and deliberation, dividing into smaller gangs, and entering the houses one after the other; and every where followed the pistol-shots, and sickening cries and screams, and bursting smoke, and mounting flame, while household goods were tossed out on the stones, and covered all the pavement; and there were more bodies now near Mr. Vaughan, lying with ghastly faces upturned to heaven, as if calling down its vengeance. Some we knew. One was Mr. Newton, our dear pastor.

I have been long in telling this, yet it was done with a horrible rapidity; and while scarce out of our first amaze we yet stood shuddering and sick with horror, sounded heavy blows and a dull crash below. At that Alice ran to George and flung her arms about him; mother dropped upon her knees, still holding Susie, praying; while I felt Philip's arm about me, and heard his low voice as if in a dream.

"Courage, dearest! Even these brutes will not harm women!"

As if I trembled for myself or wished for life without him! I remember too, dimly, that I saw him offer George a pistol, and that George motioned it back, saying, briefly, "Of what use!" but every faculty, thought itself, was swamped in a strained intensity of listening—listening to the sounds below. As George had said, the fastenings were of about the worth of so much straw. There was a second storm of blows, a crash and clatter of falling panels, a rush and shout, the jingling fall of a mirror, a hurrah! proclaiming that they had found the silver, a brief pause and debate, and then a heavy tramp on the stairs.

I sicken even now when I recall that instant of dreadful waiting; the wild prayer, the utter hopeless helplessness, the agonized grasp with which we held our dearest in our weak arms, the dying down of our hearts as the ruffians stood at last in the doorway, coldly scanning us. Oh, gay girls and happy women! on that soft, gray dawning, sleeping securely in your great peaceful cities of the North and East, and your quiet country towns, you know of war but by hearsay, and think on it coldly, or you could never sparkle in your gems, and tread out gay measures to gayer music, while such deeds are done! You *must* be in more solemn earnest could you but feel the sorrows of our land, as of your land also, and not of a thing far off; could it be shadowed even in your dreams, what it was to stand there as we did that day, a whole lifetime of suspense in that instant's pause, an instant only: then a brief command to Alice, "Out of the way, woman!" a short, stern questioning of George,

"From what State are you?"

"New York."

"Do you go for the Union?"

"Yes."

"Then you're too good for this earth; we mean to make it a slaveholding concern, the whole of it, afore we finish, and it won't be fit for an abolitionist. Reckon we'll give you a free pass to the upper regions."

And then a glittering barrel leveled at his head, and George's low "Good-by, Ally;" and her frantic cry,

"Oh no! you can not, you will not have the heart to kill him! Oh! you do not know—he is so dear, so good—men, men, have mercy! Kill me instead!" and we miserable women, clinging about him, and trying to cover him with our poor bodies, and the pistol close there, between us, and blinding smoke, and a groan, and George lying there on the carpet, as did Mr. Vaughan and Mr. Newton without, and quick, sharp ringing shots, one after another; this time from Philip—as with a terrible cry of rage and anguish he flung himself on them headlong, and with such fury that for the moment they were staggered and gave back. A wild turmoil, a fearful struggle, and then Heaven was merciful to me and I saw no further.

Fire leaping out at windows, and gliding down the stairs, and bursting up through the floors, and curling about the doorways, and toppling down chimneys, and crashing in our roof, was what our enemies left us—and the bodies of our dead. Lawrence was free of them. It was clear daylight now, and the country was rousing, and they departed in prudent haste loaded with our spoil. We, at least, could find refuge in the street from the devouring flame that swept all before it. Alice still knelt beside George's stiffening body, but at mother's touch she rose and followed us mechanically. As we went I looked shuddering for another rigid, ghastly figure, but neither in hall, nor on stairway, nor pavement saw what I dreaded. Mother divined my thought.

"Best so," she said. "Don't look, love. Better to remember him as you saw him in life, than—like—dear George."

The streets were full of wretches like ourselves. Women distraught with anguish, sobbing children, homeless families; weeping mothers, wives, sisters, kneeling beside bleeding bodies. The sultry, heavy air, blue with smoke of burning buildings, resounded with lamentations. True, at last the soldiers were coming, and men pouring into the rescue in hot haste, with old swords snatched from the chimney-piece, and guns hunted out of the barn, and grief and rage in every rugged feature, as they vowed a bitter vengeance; but vengeance would not bring us back our dead, and the weeping and wailing went on.

My uncle's house had been left unharmed, and we took refuge there. There too, came Eliza Vaughan, and in that strange way in which the veriest trifles will obtrude themselves on the most sacred grief, came back the remembrance of how I had seen her with the scarlet flowers trailing from her black hair, and of my paltry jealousy, and a dim amaze at such pettiness, in a world where was murder, and death, and this unutterable bereavement; and while I sat there thinking wearily men passed the door of the room bearing something tenderly, and before I had time to question mother beckoned me, and oh! it was Philip; sorely wounded, almost unto death, but living yet, and to live, through the great mercy of God.

They had left him for dead in the open street, where he had fought his way, and it was only what men called a chance, and I a Providence, that discovered the life yet flickering in him. He has lost an arm, crushed by a falling beam; but I will be to him arm and hand, and I am very happy, though after a subdued and chastened fashion; and awhiles with a something like remorse, as I look at Alice in her widow's weeds, and with lines of gray in her beautiful fair hair, and think how selfish looks my happiness to her mourning.

## ORIGIN OF THE DEW-DROP.

The sable Midnight rose one day
To woo the Early Morn;
But the coy maiden fled away,
Away, away,
On light wings gay,
With laughing glee and scorn:
For Cupid, watching closely by,
Had quickly let his arrow fly,
But missed for once,
Ha! Ha!

Then grieving he had missed his mark
(So much for shooting in the dark),
His tears fell down in sparkling showers,
And 'lighting on the early flowers,
Lay glistening there,
Till Early Morn and Sunbeam Bright,
Both laughing at poor Cupid's plight,
Did with their smiles the dew-drops dry,
And thus revived the archer sly;
While he with glee,
Cried out "I see,
Though I've missed one,
Though I've missed one,
I've hit another."

## MILLY GRAHAM'S ROSE-BUSH.

Many a lounger along the streets of N—— paused to look at Milly Graham's rose-bush, bending under its fragrant hood of pink and scarlet, just within the white little gate before Widow Martin's door. It was worthy of the admiration so bestowed upon it. No other rose-bush in all the town bloomed and flushed like this of dear, brown-eyed little Milly. No other pair of hands ever tended flower, or shrub, or plant so carefully as she watched and guarded hers.

Lottie Cushing came in one day just as Milly was giving her pet a cool, refreshing drink.

"I do believe," she cried, "you think more of that bush than of yourself; you're almost a gosling in your devotion to it."

Milly laughed.

"But you know I have nothing else to care for—no brother or sister, no dear precious mother or fond old father"—and a shadow came over the bright face. "Why shouldn't I find companionship in Nature, and employ myself in nursing her darlings?"

"Well, I won't quarrel with you, Milly dear. But why don't you let other people share in your wealth? There's the hospital now; why not send a bouquet, now and then, for some poor fellow lying weak and mangled in the hot, dismal rooms! They'd relish flowers amazingly, and somehow people seem to think they only care for bread, and meat, and custards—as if they haven't the same sense of the beautiful as ourselves. If I had your wealth of flowers I know I'd do it instantly."

Milly Graham seemed struck with the suggestion. It was strange the thought had not dawned on her before; but it had not, so that now it came like a new revelation of duty.

She was not slow to act upon the hint. Many a rose, fresh and fragrant, found its way to the hospital after that day; many a bouquet from the cozy garden solaced the lonely hours of faint and mangled ones lying in the dreary, crowded wards. Other hands too, after she had led the way, laid their fragrant offerings daily beside hers. Hearts which loneliness and absence of sympathy had filled with pain and despair grew hopeful under the ministry of the voiceless ministers, telling of the green fields, and smiling gardens, and kind hands gathering the fruits of field and garden for *their* sakes. Life became brighter; Hope flooded its heights, a little while before so dark, and its depths, filled before with shadows; the thought that there might be boughs bending with fruit under which their now crippled, weary feet might again, some day, walk—fields waving with harvests in which their now pale, thin hands might, some day, glean affluent sheaves, strengthened and comforted the suffering soldier-boys, lying there in rows, with little tables beside them filled with the offerings of kind hearts, fresh, bright flowers standing chief of all.

One bright day Milly Graham, going her rounds with her basket of flowers on her arm, came to a cot having a strange face as its occupant. It was a noble face, but so pale and wan that it almost startled her. The eyes were shut, the hands lay folded over the still breast, and hardly a breath stirred the lips. She paused a moment and looked sadly into the pallid face; then with a sigh put down her basket, and sitting down took the thin hands into her own. "Perhaps I can help him," she said to herself. And her touch *did* help him. The eyes slowly opened, looked a moment wonderingly, and then brightened with gratitude deeper than any words could express. A faint whisper, too, fluttered from the pale lips: "You are very kind." It was brief, faint, but it was full of meaning: and she understood it perfectly.

"Shall I leave you a rose?"

He nodded, with a dim smile on his lips. Then, "Let me have it in my hand, if you please," he said.

She put the flower into his hand, and, with a pleasant good-by, stole away.

Daily, after that, obedient to some impulse she could not explain, Milly visited the cot, smoothing the pillows of the invalid, preparing him cool, refreshing drinks, and leaving always a fresh bouquet on the little pine table at his side. One day Lottie Cushing, accompanying her, rallied her on her devotion to her one favorite patient. The bright face flushed. In that moment, for the first time, Milly comprehended that she was finding it a pleasure to minister to that patient's want, and that, possibly, something more than an ordinary interest lay at the bottom of her action. But the thought did not wholly disconcert her. She answered gayly her companion's banter, and went right on, day after day, as if nothing had been said.

At last he was able to sit up for an hour or so daily in his cot. The ugly wound in his side, out of which it had seemed probable, for a time, his life would flow away in driblets, was healing, and in a month or so, if nothing happened, he would be able to return to the field. Why was it that Milly contemplated the fact, when she came to know it, with a throbbing heart?

She came in one morning as he was sitting thus, propped with pillows. His face brightened as, approaching, she sat down, with a word of greeting, beside him. Presently, after their talk had ran for a little time in accustomed channels, he said, suddenly:

"Miss Graham, you have been very kind to me within these last few weeks. Will you do me one more favor—simply act for an hour as my amanuensis?"

"Certainly," she said, wondering what he could mean to write.

At once she bustled about and procured pen and paper, then sat down to her task. It would be pleasant, she thought, to write for him. Then he began to dictate:

"Dear Charlotte—"

Why did Milly's fingers tremble? It was only a common name.

He went on, telling how rapidly he was recovering; how he hoped soon to be discharged; and then added, "I shall make haste, darling, to come to you, and we will be very happy together."

A strange look came over Milly's face as she wrote these words. His darling! Who could it be? He had never told her of a sister. It must be some one nearer and dearer than any sister. But she would know presently. She poised her pen, waiting his command. In a minute he went on, telling "dear Charlotte," as he called her, how kindly he had been cared for; how a thoughtful hand had daily put a bouquet in his hand— Milly stopped there, and refused to write it; but he said, with a smile that had something imperious in it, "Do not refuse me this, Miss Graham," and, with a blush, she wrote it down; how the world was growing brighter every day—and at last closed all by simply adding his name, "Charlie." Then Milly sealed the letter and awaited his direction. She would know now whether it was a sister or some other dear one to whom he was sending his loving remembrance.

"What name?" she asked, finally.

"Miss Charlotte Somers, Bridgeport."

Poor Milly! It could *not* be his sister, for *his* name was Benton. But she wrote it, nevertheless, though with a shadow on her face. And then, having received his thanks, she took up her basket and crept away homeward.

Was the sun clouded that the world looked so dark to her as she hurried along the street? Had the day grown suddenly black and dismal that her face should wear such a look of pain and hopelessness? No; the sun shone as brightly as ever; the world was as full of song and beauty, the sky smiled as tenderly as two hours ago. But there lay a shadow on her heart, and *that* obscured every thing. She loved this Charlie Benton—she, Milly Graham, had given her heart to her patient without his asking. He, indeed, clearly loved another; and so she, Milly Graham, must hide her thought and carry a bruised heart and dead hope about with her through the smiling days! *That* was the pang which wrote its autograph in the lines of her face and the hopeless sorrow of her eyes.

She confessed to herself now that the hope she might some day be his had filled her heart with a strange joy in the few weeks gone. He was so patient, so brave, so full of generous, noble thoughts that she could not help loving him and longing to share with him life's burdens and triumphs. But it was over now—Charlotte Somers had the heart she would have given her life to win.

One day it was noised abroad through N—— that Milly Graham was seriously ill; she had contracted a fever, the gossips said, while waiting on the sick at the hospital, and the physicians doubted whether she could recover. It was a most malignant fever, they said, and usually only the most rugged and robust patients survived. Others of the volunteer nurses were also seized soon after with the fever, and before Milly had been sick a week a panic prevailed, and Widow Martin was left all alone to nurse her through her illness. Lottie Cushing had, indeed, spent a day or so at her bedside, but she was suddenly called away, and none others came to supply her place. Poor, deserted Milly Graham!

One day, Charlie Benton, lying in his cot, heard one of the physicians say to another:

"It's shameful, I wouldn't have believed that dear Milly Graham would ever have wanted for a nurse in sickness—she whose hand has smoothed so many aching heads."

Charlie Benton leaped from his cot and approached the speaker.

"What did you say, Sir, about Miss Graham?"

The doctor scanned him with a peculiar look. Then,

"I said it was a shame that now, when she is sick, maybe unto death, there is not one of all those in all this community, to whom she has in her noble life been a blessing and a help, with soul enough to go to the assistance of her heart-broken old nurse, herself dying by inches for want of that very help."

A look almost savage in its earnestness came into the soldier's face. Then, laying his hand upon the doctor's arm, he said, earnestly,

"Doctor, can't *I* be her nurse?" Then, seeing the grave questioning of the other's face, he added, hurriedly, "She nursed and saved *me*, Sir; why shouldn't I do something, if ever so little, for her?"

The doctor at first thought it was impossible; but at last he agreed to arrange it, if it could be, as Benton desired, and with that went away. It would be better to save Milly's life, even at the risk of scandal, than to lose it for the want of *any* effort.

One day, weeks after, Milly Graham, opening her eyes and looking through the window opening at her side, saw Charlie Benton sitting on the little piazza, in the shadow of the vines which since she had seen them last had faded in the late summer, and wore now russet robes. How had he come there? *why* was he so near when her first conscious thought had been of him? What wonderful fairy had contrived it all? She shut her eyes with a dreamy happiness, and tried to think. How long had she been sick? what had happened meanwhile? and what was *he* doing there—there, where her eyes could see him the moment God brought her out of the dark and swung open her soul again to the light of reason, and opened the doors of memory that she might walk again in its dim galleries? It was all a mystery, a blank; and weary with the effort at thinking she fell asleep, and for the first time in weeks dreamed. Of whom? When, an hour or so after, she awoke Charlie Benton was gone. He had remained with the widow from the day he had obtained the physician's permission to do so, aiding her in every way possible, proving as tender as a woman and as thoughtful; but on this day Milly had been pronounced out of danger, and he had gone away, enjoining on Mrs. Martin perfect silence as to all that had happened. The gossips had had much to say of his action—it was so out of the ordinary course that it justified discussion at every assembly of scandal-mongers; but he was indifferent to it all, and he meant that Milly should be shielded from all unfavorable remarks.

At last, when he knew that Milly was able to sit up, Charles Benton dropped in upon her. She had, somehow, expected him before; but she had feared to ask any questions, and so had waited patiently. Why she had hoped for his coming, feeling, as she did, that another held his heart, she could not have told; she only knew he *had* been there, for some reason, on the day when consciousness came to her after her long sickness, and that gave her, somehow, a sweet consolation.

How pale and thin she looked as he came and sat down by her side! How she trembled as he took her hand, saying, in his soft way,

"I am very glad, Miss Milly, to see you thus; life looks brighter to me now, I think, than ever before."

She looked at him with a startled, yearning expression.

"Yes, Milly," he said, answering the look, "life is brighter since you are given back than I had ever hoped to find it. It would have been always dark to me had you never come to us out of the Shadow into which God carried you for a little time. Now I am happy, because, maybe, you will consent to knit to mine the life He has given back."

Poor Milly Graham! How sweetly the words sounded in her ear! How she had longed to hear them! And yet—

A sad, pained look stole into her eyes; a cold suspicion and dread crept over her heart. Then, in a moment, all her thought broke into words:

"I thought you loved Charlotte Somers!"

"Charlotte!—why, Milly dear, she's my dear pet half-sister—born to us after my mother had married a second time. She is only fifteen; she has been my playmate, my pet, for all those years. Love her? of course I do, but not as I love you, Milly."

It was all clear now, and the afternoon sunshine, lying among the faded vines, was not brighter than Milly's face. Then he told her, as delicately as he could, how he had hovered near her in her sickness; how he had been filled with trouble and anxiety; how he had loved her from the day she had laid her first bouquet in his hands.

"But you never told me, Charlie, nor even hinted your thought."

"No, I was a weak, wounded, helpless man; I did not know I should ever recover, and I could not think of telling you my love while I lay thus, a wreck, with no prospect of ever becoming capable of shielding and protecting your young life. But I saw, Milly, the day you acted as my amanuensis that you were not indifferent to me, and that gave me hope and strength such as no medicine could give."

They talked thus, the twilight coming on and folding them with its halo. Then, sealing their betrothal with a kiss, he took a faded rose from his breast, and placing it in her thin hand, said, simply, "Let that be the sign between us," and so went away.

The sign between them! It was the rose she had given him that first day when she smoothed the matted hair from his pale face in the still hospital ward in the flush of the early summer.

So out of Milly's rose-bush sprouted a flower more fragrant and beautiful than any she had ever gathered there before—a flower which, through all the coming years, she will wear upon her heart lovingly and proudly, as her soldier-husband wears on his breast the ribbon Kearney gave him for bravery on the field.

## HUMORS OF THE DAY.

An Imaginary Being.—A new work is advertised under the title of "A Woman against the World." This is announced as a story, and could hardly be supposed to be any thing but altogether a work of fiction. Whoever knew a woman to set herself against the world? If "A Woman against the World" is illustrated, the heroine should be represented as wearing no crinoline.

We have simply the choice either always or never to fear; for our life-tent stands over a loaded mine, and round about the hours aim at us naked weapons. Only one in a thousand hits, but, in any case, better fall standing than bending like a coward.

A Jerseyman was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted, and thought it was his wife.

Dr. Cumming's Last.—By advertisement we are informed of another new work by Dr. Cumming, "The Destiny of Nations as indicated in Prophecy." A motto which the prophetic Doctor might prefix to this last production of his literary constructiveness is "Small prophet and quick returns."

Rods.—"How many rods make an acre?" a father asked of his son, a fast urchin, as he came home one night from the town school. "Well, I don't know, governor," was the reply of the young hopeful; "but I guess you'd think one rod made an acre if you'd got such a tanning as I did from old vinegar-face this afternoon."

Making Bad Worse.—It is related of a Parisian portrait-painter, that having recently painted the portrait of a lady, a critic, who had just dropped in to see what was going on in the studio, exclaimed,

"It is very nicely painted; but why did you take such an ugly model?"

"It is my mother," calmly replied the artist.

"Oh, pardon, a thousand times!" from critic, in great confusion. "You are right; I ought to have perceived it. She resembles you completely."

To omit a good deed out of an apprehension of being discovered is to stretch caution too far, and to keep up one precept by the breach of another.

Reality and Imagination.—Sometimes there are living beings in nature as beautiful as in romance. Reality surpasses imagination; and we see breathing, brightening, and moving before our eyes, sights dearer to our hearts than any we ever beheld in the land of sleep.

Carefulness not Meanness.—To be careful, however, is not to be mean. Meanness is a vice, and impolitic, not less than prodigality and carelessness. The proverb well says that "The penny soul never came to two-pence." Generosity and liberality prove the best policy. Looking at the most conspicuous examples of men who have raised themselves from a humble position to affluence and eminence, we find that they have generally been liberal men—men whose conduct has been as remote from meanness and shabbiness as from carelessness and prodigality.

A new sign for a tavern has recently been invented—Dew-drop inn (do drop in).

"I think I now see a new *fee*-ture in this case," as the lawyer said when his client informed him that he had plenty of money.

Why are the drinking-saloons in Washington like a corn-cob?—Because they are generally surrounded by colonels.

Why must Shakspeare be a first-rate poet?—Because he's the A *von* (A 1) bard. [N.B.—Ten minutes and an unlimited supply of refreshments allowed for the reader's assistance in discovering this.]

A Reflection by an Angler.—Nature's Aristocracy. Mortal man being but a worm, is therefore by nature of *gentle* birth.

A Mormon preacher lately said, "I have forty-eight children, and I have reason to hope that Heaven will vouchsafe me a good many more. Before a hundred years my direct descendants will exceed in number the population of the State of New York, which consists of four million souls."

Love, like a sailor upon a wind-calmed sea, beholds no earth, only heaven. Heaven opens above. Heaven opens beneath, and the water that bears it up is merely a paler heaven.

"Sally," said a fellow to a girl who had red hair, "keep away from me or you'll set me on fire!" "No danger of that," replied Sally, "you are too green to burn!"

A Frenchman writing a letter in England to a friend, and looking in the dictionary for the word "preserve," and finding it meant to pickle, wrote as follows: "May you and your family be pickled to all eternity!"

Love of the Beautiful.—The love of the beautiful and true, like the dew-drop in the heart of the crystal, remains forever clear and liquid in the inmost shrine of the soul.

### DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are poultry the most profitable things a farmer can keep?
*Because for every grain they give a peck.*

When did Moses sleep five in a bed?
*When he slept with his four (fore) fathers.*

What part of speech is a kiss?
*A conjunction.*

What heavenly thing and what earthly thing does a rainy day have the same influence over?
*The sun and your boots, for it takes the shine out of both.*

My first relieves each pain and care,
My second we an honor deem;
My third is found in every home,
Both rich and poor, though strange it seem.

*Bed-post.*

Why are people born deaf the most virtuous of beings?
*Because they never erred (heard).*

If all the oceans were dried up, what would Neptune do?
*He would not have a notion (an ocean).*

What is the difference between a young lady and a hat?
*One has feeling and the other is felt.*

My first is equality,
My second is inferiority,
My whole is superiority.

*Matchless.*

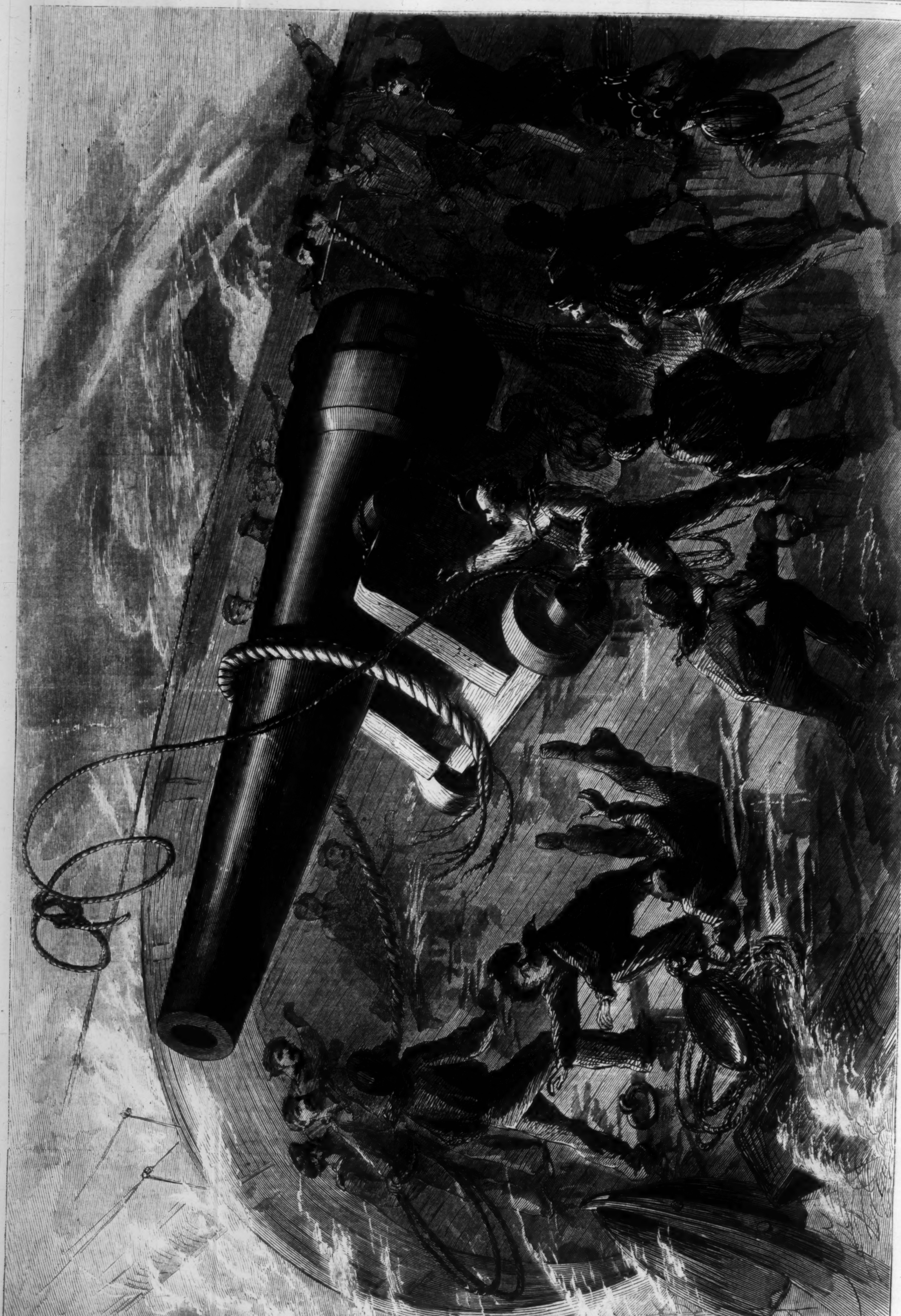
Why is a dead doctor like a dead duck?
*Because they have both done quacking.*

Why is A like a honey-suckle?
*Because a bee (B) follows it.*

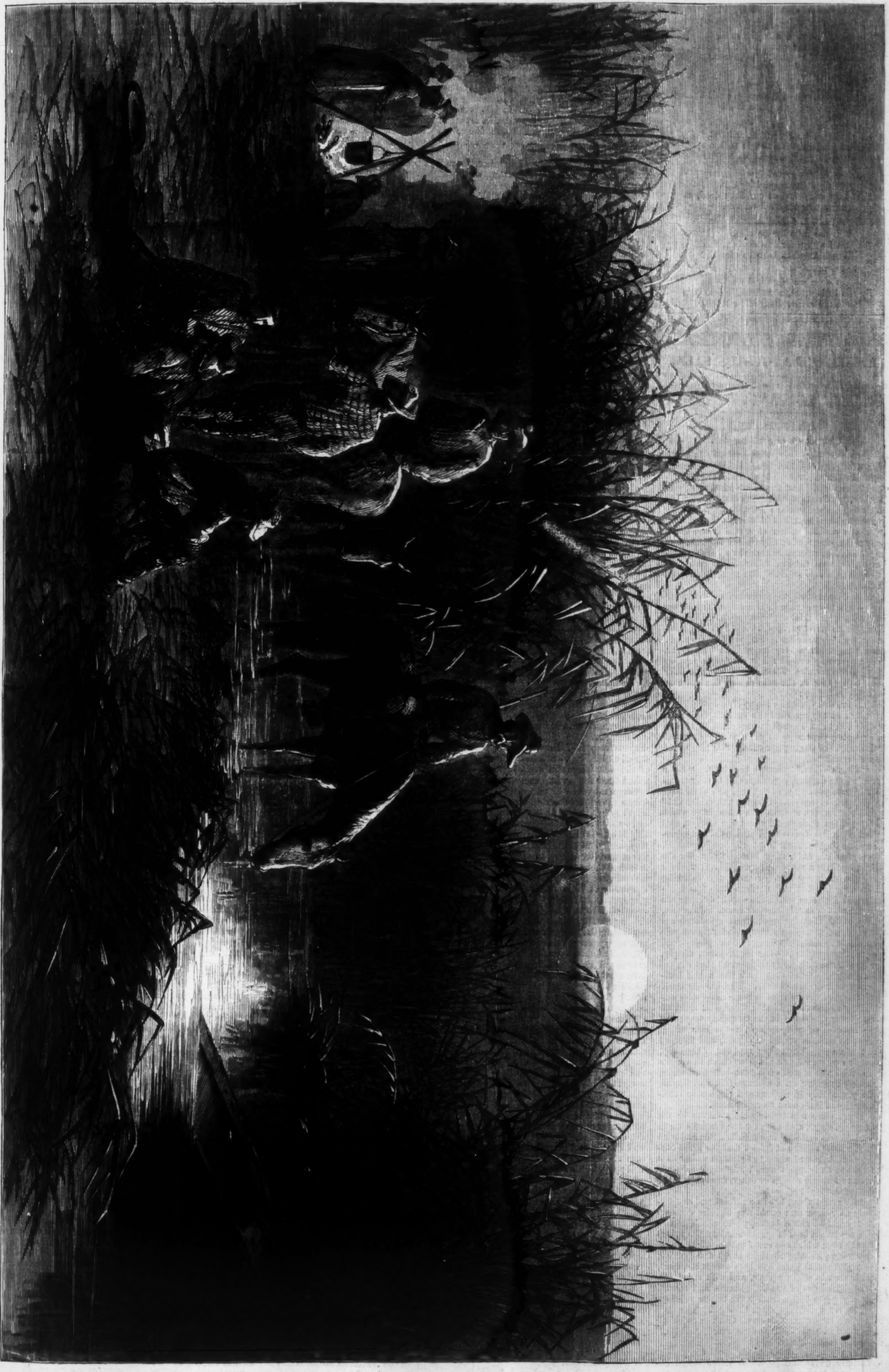
Why are married people like a pair of shears?
*Because they are so joined that they can not be separated without trouble, they often move in opposite directions, yet always punish any one who comes between them.*

My first is a dirty little brute,
My second's at the end on't,
My third, like many an honest man,
Is on a fool dependent.

*Pig-tail.*



THE PET PARROTT ON THE UNITED STATES STEAMER "RICHMOND" IN A STORM.—[SEE PAGE 310.]



UNION REFUGEES IN THE SWAMPS OF LOUISIANA.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

## ONLY A BABY'S GRAVE!

ONLY a baby's grave!
Some foot or two, at the most,
Of star-daisied sod, yet I think that God
Knows what that little grave cost.

Only a baby's grave!
To children even so small,
That they sit there and sing—so small a thing
Seems scarcely a grave at all!

Only a baby's grave!
Strange! how we moan and fret
For a little face that was here such a space—
O more strange, could we forget!

Only a baby's grave!
Did we measure grief by this,
Few tears were shed on our baby dead,
*I* know how they fell on this.

Only a baby's grave!
Will the little life be much
Too small a gem for His diadem,
Whose kingdom is made of such?

Only a baby's grave!
Yet often we come and sit
By the little stone, and thank God to own
We are nearer Heaven for it!

# QUITE ALONE.

### BY GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

☞ **Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."**

## CHAPTER XX.

### LILY GOES OUT TO DINNER.

THE handsome lady, who, probably to serve her own purposes, had been bland and almost affable while the treaty of peace with the Bunnycastles and Mr. Drax was being concluded, was seemingly of a most capricious disposition. At all events, she informed Lily, so soon as they were outside the gate of Rhododendron House, that she would box her ears well if she made any noise, or gave her any further trouble; and the child, quite unaccustomed to harsh treatment, or even threats, followed her new protectress in a very subdued, but scarcely cheerful manner.

The Clapham stage—peace to its short memory—was in existence in those days, and it was by means of this conveyance that Lily was brought to the metropolis. First of all, however, the lady took her into a pastry-cook's shop, and bought her a very large Bath bun, which she apparently considered a sovereign remedy for all the sorrows of childhood, for when Lily had half eaten it, she said to her, not quite so sharply as before:

"Now, are you quite happy?"

Lily had not attained the summit of human felicity, but she deemed it expedient to temporize with a personage so stern as the personage who talked of boxing her ears. She murmured an affirmative.

"That's right," pursued the lady. "Be a gentle little darling, very sage and obedient, and I will love you. Don't vex me, or I shall have an attack of nerves. Satanée migraine, va!" This last remark she made in a language which Lily did not understand; and she noticed that the lady made remarks in the same incomprehensible tongue rather frequently. She noticed, also, that the lady, after bestowing on her the Bath bun, ate a macaroon herself, and called for a glass of cherry brandy; that, after drinking it, she declared it to be "detestable," and demanded a glass of water, the which beverage she characterized as "infamous poison." Likewise, Lily noted that her protectress apostrophized the young person in ribbons and ringlets who officiated behind the counter of the pastry-cook as an "impertinent"—an impertinent, simply, not an impertinent any thing—and that she vehemently protested that there was a bad halfpenny among her change. The change itself she flung at the head of a beggar-boy who was lurking at the door, licking his lips at sight of the greasy delicacies in the twopenny tray; but the handful of halfpence hurt the side of his head, so that he yelped with pain, and forebore to thank her. Then she swept out of the shop, nearly overturning an old gentleman in a white hat, who was seated on a cane-bottomed chair, meekly lunching on a sausage-roll, and leaving the young lady in ribbons and ringlets in semi-hysterics of indignant mortifications.

There were two inside places vacant in the Clapham stage, and Lily, for the second time in her life, was installed in a coach. She had been such a little recluse at school that the great outside world seemed almost as strange to her as it might to a cloistered nun, transferred, for some occult monastic reason or other, from convent to convent.

Lily gazed about her as wistfully and as earnestly as ever a nun could do; but she wore no veil, nor had she a breviary; so she began to ask the lady a host of questions about the things on the road which she saw from the windows of the stage; as who lived in those tall houses; why there were gates and bars across the road, with men in white aprons, and with red faces, who darted out of the little hovels, and seemed so angry—to judge from their hoarse voices—whenever a carriage came through. The lady was not very communicative. Once or twice she said, "Absurd!" Then she cried, "Peste!" At last she bade the child be silent.

The journey, however, was saved from being entirely uneventful by a few fierce verbal encounters between the lady and the two other inside passengers. One of these, a tall young man, with weak eyes, an eruptive countenance, speckled stockings and shoes, the lady accused of rudely staring at her. She called him several injurious names, and made him generally so miserable that the young man, well-nigh moved to tears, got out at Kennington Common, foregoing half the amount of locomotion to which he was entitled. Then she had a passage of arms with an old gentleman in a bottle-green spencer and a frill, whom she charged with having willfully trodden on her feet; but in this last case she had reckoned without her host, for it turned out that the old gentleman had a temper of his own, and was not inclined to brook indignity with meekness.

"I didn't do any thing of the sort, mum," quoth the old gentleman, with rising wrath, on the charge being repeated.

"Sir, you are gross! you are brutal! you are elephantine!" retorted the lady.

"Upon my word, I think the woman's mad!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "I'm very glad that I'm not your husband, mum."

"Insolent: again your horrible boots are crushing my feet."

"Confound your feet!" screamed the old gentleman, in a fury. "I never touched 'em. Here, guard, guard, let me get out. And as for you, my darling," he continued, turning to Lily, "I wish you joy of your grandmother, and I wouldn't be in your shoes for something. Good-morning, mum, and a more Christian temper to you!" And, so saying, the old gentleman got out in dudgeon at the southern foot of Westminster Bridge.

They went on without any more adventures to the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, where they alighted. The lady and her charge swept away, and the coachman and the guard both turned their heads to look at them.

"Fine woman, Bill!" observed the coachman.

"Good stepper!" agreed the guard; "stunning action and rattling pace. But ra-a-ther a kicker; eh, Josh?"

"I shouldn't like to be the splashboard," replied the coachman, "that she was in the pheayton of. Kick! She'd kick the Tower of London into toothpicks. Good 'un to bite too, I should think. Say nothin' of rearin' and plungin'. She's a real live woman, Bill, and no mistake."

The subject of this criticism had hold pretty tightly of Lily's hand, and walked with her a few paces eastward. Then she stooped and said:

"Ah! you've just come from school: you'd like to be amused, wouldn't you?"

It was certain that Lily hadn't been very much amused up to that moment; and she saw but little chance of recreation in the company of this very strange lady. She murmured something, however, which the hearer might construe pretty much as she chose; and the lady, electing to take the words as a sign of acquiescence, proceeded to amuse Lily.

She took her first into the Adelaide Gallery, which was then a kind of Polytechnic Institution, and crowded with numbers of models, and skeletons, and maps, and drawings, all supposed to conduce toward a knowledge of science among the million. The million were there, in the shape of many old ladies in beaver bonnets, and school-children, and raw bumpkins, and persons of the country-cousin order generally. They poked their fingers into the models, and peered between the decks of the pretty toy-ships to see where the captain's cabin was, and gave themselves galvanic shocks, at which they danced, and—the younger ones—howled dismally. Then they inhaled doses of laughing-gas. And then they had a stocking-weaving machine, and a steam-gun, explained to them, and tried hard to look as though they understood those scientific inventions. Subsequently Lily looked through a number of little round holes, and saw some very brilliant pictures, which, she was told, represented Lisbon, Chandernagore, Manilla, and the like: at the which she clapped her hands in not unfamiliar glee, for a man with a peep-show had once been admitted to the play-ground of Rhododendron House. The Bunnycastles took care to put his entertainment in the bills of the five-and-thirty boarders, under the head of "Admission to a geographical and pictorial exhibition." Then, at the ringing of a bell, they were conducted into a dark room, where an unseen gentleman with a hollow voice, as from the tombs, delivered a lecture, the preliminary part of which was so dreary, and so full of long words, that it almost made Lily cry; and then he exhibited on an illuminated table-cloth, something that was like the spider at Rhododendron House, only magnified eight hundred million times; and to this strange presentment he gave a name to which that of rhododendron was monosyllabic. There was another lecture in another room from a pleasant gentleman with a bald head and a north-country accent, who was surrounded by bottles and glasses, and poured the contents of one vial into another, and turned green water into red, and popped little twisted pieces of tow into them, whereupon they caught fire, and who seemed to be trying his very hardest to blow himself up—which, indeed, in his ardor for science, he did, on an average, once in six months. "A pleace the filin's oonder the receiver, and boobles of gass weell arise," quoth the bald-headed gentleman; and then bubbles of gas did arise, and there was a sharp crackling noise, and the audience clapped their hands, till another bell rang, and every body ran off to see a patent potter's wheel, supposed to make any number of cups and saucers, elaborately painted, by merely touching a spring, but which habitually confined itself to spattering cascades of white mud upon the clothes of the spectators. Lily was delighted with every thing, only somewhat confused, and the lecture with the magnified spider and the long name decidedly frightened her.

She was not sorry when, it being about three o'clock in the afternoon, they went out into the Strand again. The lady had swept through the Adelaide Gallery in the disdainful manner customary with her, and now and again sternly reprehending strangers for crowding upon her, or treading on the skirts of her robe. The country cousins, however, did not seem to mind her much, and one of them was venturous enough to ask if, the room not being big enough for her, she thought St. Paul's would be? Whereupon she tossed her head, and looked Perkins's steam-guns at him. She condescended, however, to laugh at the galvanic shocks the cousins gave themselves, and remarked that the invention was droll.

Lily observed that when they were in the street she always held her very tight by the hand, and looked about her a great deal, and that once she told her, if any one tried to take her away, to allow herself to be torn in ten thousand pieces first.

"Not that there is any danger," she continued, more to herself than to Lily, "not that I am afraid. Oh no. I am strong—strong enough for ten armed men. But bah! let them come. What nonsense. My monsters are abroad. Are you hungry?" she went on, looking down at the little girl.

Lily, accustomed to the early and regular meals of Rhododendron House, answered that she would like to have her dinner, if the lady pleased.

"Dinner!" repeated the lady. "Absurdity! You are to dine by-and-by with the gentleman. You must wait. Come, little glutton, and have another cake."

She took the little glutton into another pastry-cook's, and presented her, as heretofore, with a Bath bun. But when Lily had picked the caraway seeds and the spiculæ of lump sugar off the sticky varnished surface, she found she had no appetite for the sweet, saffron-colored dough beneath. She wanted her little plate of meat, and the potatoes that mashed up so nicely in the gravy. She longed for a slice of the plain school-pudding, at which the big girls used to grumble so, and to which they applied such opprobrious epithets. Seeing her distaste, the lady snatched away the Bath bun, and cast it with great contempt on the counter, and then ordered some ox-tail soup for Lily, but it was so hot that it burnt her mouth, and so peppery that it brought tears into her eyes, to say nothing of its being thick, and slab, and greasy; so the end of it was that the ox-tail soup shared the fate of the bun, and the lady, in a fume, pushed Lily before her into the street again.

"Intolerable little plague!" she cried, furiously. "What am I to do with you? Comport yourself sagely, or you shall be given to the black man. Entends-tu?"

A buxom mamma in flame-colored silk and a chinchilla tippet, who was passing with five little children, laughing and prattling round her in noisy glee—they had just come out of the Adelaide, and were bound for the Industrious Fleas—looked up with surprise as she heard the voice of the handsome savage woman who had dominion over Lily. Like a prudent hen, she gathered her chicks around her in a kind of nervous tremor, lest unkindness should be contagious.

"Blessings on us all!" murmured the buxom flame-colored mamma, as Lily and her monitress went on their way, the latter scowling. "What a Fury that woman looks! How cruelly she spoke to that innocent little darling. Priscilla, my love, mind the crossing."

It was a very dangerous crossing—from the Golden Cross to Hungerford. Metropolitan improvements have since diminished its perils; but in those days it was a fearful ford. That day there was a man run over. Lily could only hear a yell, and see the rush of people to the spot, and a rapidly formed crowd with a policeman cleaving his way through it; but when the ranks of the throng opened and they came out carrying something covered with a tarpaulin, and the jolly red face of the man—a van driver, who had unwittingly done the mischief—turn, high up on his box, a yellowish white, as the crowd cried out that somebody was killed, Lily turned quite sick with terror, and had she been old enough to swoon would have fainted on the spot. She would have run away; but the lady's grasp was tighter than ever; and the lady herself seemed grimly interested in the catastrophe. She scanned the burden they were taking to Charing Cross Hospital: she questioned the policeman; and but for Lily's agonized entreaties that they might go away, she would have crossed the road to the scene of the accident.

They went into a hackney-coach after this; and the lady ordered the driver to proceed to Baker Street. Lily was taken to see Madame Tussaud's famous exhibition of wax-work. Old Madame Tussaud herself was alive in those days, and a very wonderful old lady Lily thought her, in her black silk bonnet and hood, handing about those inevitable bills at the door. And then was there not Mr. Cobbett, looking so remarkably like life, with his broad-brimmed hat, and his spectacles, and his placid face, and breathing hard, like a benevolent grampus? And the recumbent lady with the black lace veil, whose bosom rose and fell by clock-work? And were there not the kings and queens in velvet and sham diamonds, looking quite as brilliant as real ones? And the cavaliers in armor, and M. de Voltaire with his shriveled face, and the old coquette in her hoop and brocade? Lily was in ecstasies, and for a time forgot about the poor man who had been run over. Here were all Mangnall's questions, answered in the most splendid manner without the trouble of learning a single lesson.

The Napoleon Museum was not then in existence; but the Chamber of Horrors was already one of the lions of London. 'Twas a strange place to take a little school-girl, out for a holiday, into; but the strange lady paid the extra sixpence—I don't know whether they admit children, now—and they went inside, and supped full of horrors. That horrible guillotine. That dismal cavern where the royal victims of revolutionary ferocity bore their captivity with such dignified resignation—in wax-work. That appalling torso in the ensanguined shirt. That gloomy dock full of murderers. Bishop and Williams were there, and Greenacre and Courvoisier; but it was too early yet for Goulds, and Hockers, and Mannings.

Lily had not been long in the Chamber of Horrors before she began to think of the man who had been run over. The air of the show seemed hot and thick. She could scarcely breathe. The glass eyes glared upon her. The sordid garments had a musty smell. She piteously besought the strange lady to take her out, promising to be very good and quiet if she would only take her away from that dreadful place.

"You are a little fool," said the lady. "La vue de ces marands-là m'a donné de l'appétit." And then, with a sharp "Come along," she led the way out of the Chamber of Horrors. "Now," she said, when they had entered another hackney-coach, "we are going to dinner, and mind you are very good, or the sweep shall come and eat you."

Lily was too big to believe in any apocryphal devouring propensities attributed to the harmless, albeit unwashed, individual who carries the soot-bag; but the lady was so very strange, and, at times, so very fierce-looking, that she thought it not at all improbable that she herself, failing the sweep, could have done something in the child-devouring way. So Lily bowed her head, and tried to look as good as she felt.

It was a very long way to dinner. They went through a number of brilliant crowded streets, of which she did not know the names; but they were Oxford Street, Regent Street, and the Strand. Then they walked down a narrow street on to a narrow pier by the water-side. Then a man called out "Greenwich!" and they went on board a steamboat, where, to Lily's delight, they remained a whole hour. The ships, the wherries, the wharves, the distant steeples, the bridges, the blue dome of Paul's, the towering Monument, the gray old Tower, filled her soul with joy. She forgot how frightened she was at the strange lady. She forgot how hungry she was, and was quite happy.

"To-morrow," said the strange lady, as they landed on the pier at Greenwich, and Lily followed her to a large handsome house, "to-morrow you will go to school."

"Not to-day, ma'am?" asked the child. "What will Mrs. Bunnycastle say?"

"Mrs. Bunnycastle," returned the lady, "is a ridiculous old sheep. You are not going back to her, but to another school, where you will be taught to be very sage, and to behave yourself."

The child was amazed, and lapsed into silence.

"What are you thinking of?" the lady asked, as they ascended the steps of the large handsome house.

"I was thinking, ma'am," Lily answered, "of what a curious smell of hot fish there was every where."

## CHAPTER XXI.

### LILY IS REGALED ON WHITE-BAIT.

A BURST of laughter broke from a balcony overhead as Lily and her protectress entered the large handsome mansion; and the child, looking upward, could see a number of gentlemen congregated outside, who were leaning over the railings, and were very grandly dressed, and appeared to be enjoying themselves very much.

"By Jove!" cried one of the gentlemen—but this Lily could not hear—"she's come!"

"And brought the little one with her, too. She said she would; for propriety's sake."

"I wonder whether she will oblige us with a rapid act of horsemanship round the room, after dinner."

"It's more likely that she will fly into one of her passions, and fling the water souché, plates and all, at the waiters' heads."

"Or at us."

"I've seen her do something very nearly approaching that. Once, at the Star and Garter, she grew jealous of somebody, and tried to strangle herself with a table-napkin."

"Pretty little thing, the girl."

"Her daughter, possibly. Tigresses have cubs, sometimes."

"Hush! here's the tigress herself.—Countess, how delighted we all are to see you!"

The countess and Lily were received at the door of the mansion which smelt so strongly of warm fish, by a stout gentleman in a blue coat and buff waistcoat, whose chief aim and end in life appeared to be to show to every visitor how white, smooth, and polished, the centre of his bald head was, and how perfectly joined the sutures of his skull were. He was continually bowing at, not to, the visitors of the establishment of which he was the respected landlord—he has been dead many years, and his name, I beg to observe, was neither Hart nor Quartermaine—and he butted at you, so to speak, with his baldness, like an affable albino. The pacific nature of his mission was manifested by the snowy flag of truce which he continually waved. This flag was not precisely a napkin—that would have been too much like a waiter—nor a pocket-handkerchief—that would have been too much like a dandy—but a combination of the two: a cross between cambric and damask. But he ever waved it in peace and amity, as though to say, "Be not afeard. This is the habitation of fish and of felicity. Let no cares sit behind your chairs. I know all my customers and respect them. If you do not choose to pay the bill on the spot you can send me down a check by the post, or by your body-servant at your convenience: only, don't dispute my charges, for that would hurt my feelings. This is not a vulgar cook-shop. Last week I entertained his Majesty's ministers. We don't want common people here. Let them go up the town, toward the Park, and have tea and shrimps for ninepence. Here, we desire the attendance of the superior classes only. Walk in, walk in, ladies and gentlemen. This is feeding time; and the bait is in excellent condition."

If a trader resolutely make up his mind definitively to address himself to the "superior classes," and if he carry out his intent with tact and nerve, he shall scarcely fail, I take it, to achieve success. The superior classes reward that tailor who boldly says, "Let others vaunt their sixteen-shilling garments: no puff of mine shall ever claim insertion in the columns of the press, and I will go on charging seven pounds ten shillings for a frock-coat. There are people who like to be mulct for wax-candles at a hotel, and who would think it derogatory to their dignity to pay less than seven-and-sixpence for a fried sole and a mutton-chop. Yes, there are persons who are uncomfortable unless they are overcharged. Dearness has a kink of affinity with high Toryism, and others of our glorious institutions. Cheapness is democratic; cheapness is leveling. I have always been of opinion that a daily newspaper printed on cream-laid bank post, hot pressed, gilt-edged, and sold at the rate of half a crown a number, would be a success. It might have but a small circulation, but it would pay, and it would be read by the superior classes by the light of three-and-sixpenny wax-candles, after seven-and-sixpenny dinners, and while sipping port at fourteen shillings a bottle.

The validity or otherwise of this hypothesis is no excuse, however, for keeping a number of very hungry people waiting for their dinner. The lady passed the bald-headed landlord with a stately inclination of the head. The landlord called out in a rich, but subdued voice—a voice like iced Moselle—"Show the Benbow!" An obsequious waiter, with curved red whiskers, very like the claws of a lobster, conducted the guests up the softly carpeted staircase, and handed them over to the mistress of the robes, a buxom chambermaid.

As the lady, deftly unshawled, but still keeping on her bonnet, swept toward the Benbow, preceded by another waiter, the buxom chambermaid, who had just taken off Lily's hat, and fluttered a brush over her brown curls, stooped down and kissed the child.

"Poor little innocent darling," she whispered. "Is that your mamma, my darling?"

"I don't know," answered the child, looking up to the face of her querist with a very trustful look, for by the young woman's voice she was kind and honest.

"Poor little thing," the chambermaid continued, "what does this pet know about deviled bait? Why, they'd burn her tongue out! Don't you eat no devil, my dear."

Lily gazed at her with blank surprise. She had heard—what child has not? of the devil—and had been warned to avoid him and all his works; but she had never been counseled not to eat him.

"Nor yet don't you take no punch, nor no sauce pickang," went on the chambermaid. "There, go along, dear, your ma's calling you."

"It's a shame to bring children here," the buxom chambermaid subsequently remarked to the waiter with the lobster-claw whiskers. "It can't do 'em no good, and it's enough to ruin their little stomachs. I don't mind the Eton boys that come here with their pas, and always manage to get tipsy unbeknown, and nearly dash their young brains out a-trying monkey tricks outside the balcony, and then race up and down stairs like mad. I don't mind *them*. Mischief they're born to, and mischief they're bred to. But what does that Frenchwoman want here with that little bit of a thing! I don't believe she's her ma. She's been here four or five times this season. Last time she brought an old Frenchwoman who spilt snuff into her salmon cutlets, and got tipsy half an hour before the ducks came up. My belief, William, is, that she's nothing better than a play-actress."

Another groom of the chambers threw open the Benbow, a pretty saloon overlooking the river, and announced the new arrivals.

He was a waiter with very light dun-colored hair and a pale pasty face. He was warm in appearance, but not moist; the rather, crisp. It was scarcely an unnatural fancy to imagine that he had been fried in batter, and that, although now a waiter, he had, according to the (not then broached) Theory of Development, sprung from a white-bait.

Have you never observed how very like fish the waiters at Greenwich are? There is the John Dory waiter; the miller's thumb waiter, plump and plethoric; the white-bait waiter; the eel waiter, who wriggles very much as he waits.

A group of gentlemen advanced to meet the lady and her little client. They received her with many bows and more smiles. Lily was not at all frightened of them, for though so very grandly dressed they were all very kind and friendly to her. There was a large old gentleman with an embossed velvet waistcoat, and a great gold chain meandering over it, and a beautiful fringe of white whisker round his purple face. He had a fine hook nose, very prominent and very deeply colored, and to Lily he looked like a splendid Punch. She had seen Punch, once or twice, by sly peeps from the windows of Rhododendron House, and had woven a child-legend about him that he and the Little Hunchback, and the porter who boxed the Barmecide's ears, were brothers. This old gentleman his companions addressed, but without much restraint, as Marquis. He had a loud voice, and often addressed the countess in that which was an unknown tongue to Lily. There were two or three gentlemen equally splendid, but younger, who were addressed indifferently as Tom, Dick, and Harry, whichever you please; and there was a spiteful-looking gentleman with very big black whiskers, which looked as though they had not been originally sable, but had acquired that hue by means of some artful pigment. This gentleman wore a high black stock, and a coat buttoned up to his chin, and his trowsers were strapped very tightly over his boots: to the heels of which boots Lily saw something long and bright attached, with a spiky star at the end of each.

Finally, there was a very tall gentleman—a painfully tall gentleman, for there seemed no end to his legs—who kept a little apart from the others, and did not laugh so loud as they did. He had a long face, very thin and pale, and a good deal of beautiful black hair thrown back from his forehead. His hands, as Lily soon knew, were very small and thin; you could almost see through them. His clothes seemed to fit him very loosely, and when he spoke he lisped.

He was the last of the gentlemen who made friends with Lily, but she liked him the best. He drew her toward him while the men were bestowing compliments on the handsome lady, and, parting her curls, printed a very soft kiss on her forehead. Not one of the other gentlemen had done that. Had they touched her, Lily would have blushed, and her little temper would have risen, and she would have cried "Don't." But she did not reject the thin pale gentleman.

"And so your mamma has brought you to dine with us, little one?" he said, looking in her clear eyes.

The handsome lady was her mamma. This was news to Lily. She did not reply directly to his question, but began to chatter on what a pretty place it was, and how beautiful all that glass looked on the table.

"Ay, ay," returned the pale tall gentleman, nodding his head, "there are plenty of pretty things here, and prettier things to put into them. Are you fond of pretty things?"

"Oh! I love them so dearly," the child cried, joining her small palms together. And then she began to tell him about the spider on the wall, and a squirrel that belonged to Miss Furblow, and Miss Dallwallah's golden ear-rings, and a great doll with a blue satin frock and pink shoes and a sash, which Miss Babby had once shown her, and which had belonged to Miss Kneecrops, the poor girl who died before Lily came to school.

"You are a strange child," the tall gentleman said. "What's your name?"

"Lily Floris."

"The rose by any other name would smell as sweet. And how old are you, dear?"

"Nearly eight," quoth Lily; "and what's your name, Sir?"

"Tom Jones," replied the gentleman.

"No it isn't," pursued Lily, shaking her head; "it's something much prettier than that. Do tell me, or I won't talk to you any more."

"Well," replied the gentleman, smiling, "my name's Long."

"Long what?"

"You little inquisitor! My Christian name is William, and people call me Sir William Long. At school they used to nickname me Long Billy."

"And how old are you? I should so like to know?"

"I am twenty-eight."

"Then you're just twenty years older than I am. How nice! Are you married?"

"No," gravely answered the tall gentleman who said his name was Sir William Long. "I am Quite Alone."

"And so am I," quoth Lily, laughing. "All the girls told me so. I have always been Quite Alone till to-day. May I sit with you at dinner?"

Sir William was about to give a smiling affirmative to the naïve question, when the countess—the handsome lady—who had been watching this little by-play from afar off, addressed the tall gentleman by the name of Good-for-nothing, and asked him how long he intended to keep them waiting?

"I have been flirting with your little girl," he said, as he placed the child beside him.

Lily did not know any thing about flirting; but she knew the tall gentleman had been very kind to her, and she liked very much to sit near him.

"Flirting!" exclaimed the countess, scornfully. "You begin early."

"You had better teach the little one her A B C: she scarcely knows it."

"She'll get on fast enough if you take her away from school and teach her yourself," the old gentleman, who was a marquis, remarked, with a bow.

"When I want her to learn wickedness she shall come to you," retorted the lady. "Please to give me some souché, and, Sir William, I entreat you not to let that unhappy child eat too much."

The lady brightened up more and more after each course, and when the sparkling wines were passed about, was quite radiant.

"I like this Greenwich," she said, holding a brimming glass of Moselle to the light; "it does me good. It makes me breathe. Give me Greenwich and Richmond, and you may sink the rest of your sad England to the bottom of your muddy Thames. How good these little fishes are! How crisp they eat! Good-for-nothings, I drink to you." The lady was enjoying herself.

## TO-MORROW.

There's sunshine on life's path to-day,
The flowers bloom fresh and fair;
It is youth's balmy month of May,
There's fragrance in the air.
Around his way no cloud is cast
By memory or sorrow;
He looks with rapture on the past,
And hopeful on to-morrow.

But Time strides on, and from his wing
The autumn shadows fall;
Alas! the buds of early spring
Are wither'd, one and all.
And summer mem'ries only seem
A distant light to borrow;
While still the heart will vainly dream,
Joy may return to-morrow.

Then winter, with a ruthless hand,
Throws gloom across the scene;
And snow-storms fall upon the land,
Where sunshine late hath been.
Age shudders by the hearth a while;
And, bow'd by care and sorrow,
Looks to *that* future with a smile,
Where there is *no* to-morrow!

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## THE BLACK-EYED SMUGGLER.

"Did I tell you the story of Mary Simpson, the female smuggler?"

This inquiry was addressed to a knot of Federal soldiers grouped before a tent, standing with a score or so of others just out of Memphis. The questioner was a burly fellow with a good-humored face, in the plain uniform of a private, who seemed to be a favorite with the little company, all of whom insisted that they had never heard the story and would be delighted to do so.

"Well, here goes. Several weeks ago, by order of Captain Posten of the Thirteenth Tennessee, I set out from Fort Pillow, some miles, you know, above here, to guide a party of four citizens to a point where a large quantity of cotton was said to be stored. We rode along through the woods at an easy gait, laughing and chatting pleasantly together, when, after making several miles, we were suddenly overtaken by a woman riding a mule—the sorriest looking affair I ever saw—who, in the sauciest way imaginable, ordered us to halt. Of course we slackened our pace to hear what the woman had to say, when, with the coolness of an old highwayman, she drew a revolver, and aiming it straight at my head, ordered me to get down and give her my horse, remarking that she was tired of mule-riding and meant hereafter to travel entirely on horseback. The impudence of the demand was too much for my gravity, and, though her pistol looked dangerous, I broke into a regular gust of laughter, in which the rest of the party joined instantly. That a woman, and a smuggler at that, should think to vanquish me, Peter Slocum, who had gone through a dozen battles and counted it play, the idea was too farcical. I must have laughed if death had clutched me; and yet, comrades, the woman was clearly in dead earnest. She was handsome, too—handsome as a picture—not over thirty years of age, with black hair, a brunette complexion, and a deep, dark, penetrating eye, which seemed to say, 'Get down instantly, you rogue, or I'll blow you to pieces!' But I didn't get down; on the contrary, laughing in her face, we just put our horses on an easy trot and coolly rode away, leaving the fair highwayman alone in the woods to practice, if she chose, on the trees, not having had the courage to make us her targets. She was clearly too much surprised at our coolness to shoot. She had supposed that, of course, we would surrender at the first demand, none of us having any weapons visible; and when we simply laughed at her, she no doubt saw instantly how absurdly she had acted, and in the confusion of her thoughts permitted us to slip away unmolested.

"We rode on for a mile or so, chatting of the adventure, when suddenly it struck me that maybe it was not safe, after all, that this woman should be at large. I knew there were scores of female spies and smugglers in the rebel service, and no doubt she was one of the number. I determined, therefore, to ride back to the fort; and, leaving the party to make their own way toward the interior, at once struck into a by-path, and made all haste to report the affair at head-quarters.

"Immediately upon hearing the story Captain Posten gave me a squad of men, and we set out briskly in pursuit of the bold rider on the little mule. The men were full of jokes at the idea of chasing a woman, and hazarded all sorts of conjectures as to the probable effect of a collision on their hearts, some of them bantering me sharply on my want of gallantry in not having at once complied with the invitation of the mule-heroine to exchange steeds. Finally, after riding some five miles, one of the men exclaimed 'There she is!' and looking down the road we saw she was there, in truth, riding leisurely up to an old house that stood by the roadside. In a minute or two we had overtaken her, and I had her mule by the bridle.

"'I'll trouble you to keep your seat,' I said, as she was about to dismount. 'I am authorized by the commander of Fort Pillow to say that having heard of your late exploit, he would be happy to make your acquaintance; and, if you please, we'll go right back.'

"That, boys, was the politest speech I ever made; even when I proposed to Nancy, the mother of my great strapping boys up there in Illinois, I wasn't half as polite as on this occasion; but the fair highwayman didn't seem in the least impressed by my style; on the contrary, she looked as savage as a meat-axe, and no doubt wished for the moment that she was a boa-constrictor that she might just swallow me whole. She was still trying to get down from her mule, but I again interrupted her with:

"'Stay where you are, please,' and with that turned her mule and gave the bridle to one of the men.

"'You're a brute!' she cried, savagely, her eyes snapping.

"'Thank you for the compliment,' said I, coolly, and mounted my horse.

"'I won't go a step,' she said, as I gave the order to march.

"'But your mule will,' I answered; 'he's a splendid beast and loves good company if his mistress don't,' and the men laughed.

"She gave up at last, murmuring, however, that no two men could have conquered her, but numbers overpowered her and she must succumb. With that she gave up her arms, and taking the reins into her hands jogged along pleasantly enough between two of the guard.

"Well, after a time we reached the fort, and the little woman, spite of her protests, was properly examined. It was a decidedly delicate business, but I think the commander got through with it in a satisfactory manner, for he found upon her person orders from the rebel Colonel Hicks for a list of contraband supplies, such as gunpowder, cavalry boots, and similar articles—all of which, had she not been detected, she would no doubt have furnished.

"The next day, having been given a night's rest, she was questioned as to her mode of operation, and with no sort of hesitation told her story. She acknowledged that she was regularly employed by the rebels in obtaining goods necessary for their comfort and smuggling them through the lines, which she boasted she had done with entire success for a year or more.

"'What do you get for this service?' Captain Posten inquired.

"'One hundred dollars a month,' she answered, promptly.

"And how much of the money which the rebels give you to make purchases do you put into your own purse?'

"She looked at him indignantly. 'I'd have you know I'm honest, Sir,' she said; 'I'm not in the habit of stealing!'

"'Oh!' ejaculated the Captain, and whistled, winking to his companions, as much as to say, 'Here's an oddity—a smuggler and highwayman who won't steal!'

"Presently the questioning went on. Her purchases were usually made, she said, in St. Louis, whence she brought down the goods by steamer. On her last trip she had landed at Randolph, some miles, you remember, above Fort Pillow, and had got through our lines in safety. When taken she was on her way, she said, to the house of a rebel sympathizer, whose name we obtained, and whose place I had the honor of visiting a day or so after and capturing a considerable quantity of contraband goods that had been smuggled out of Memphis.

"'Your story is a most interesting one,' Captain Posten remarked, when she had concluded. 'Now, if you please, what is your name?'

"'Mary Simpson.'

"'Do you never sail under any other?'

"'Oh yes. At Randolph I was known as Mary Timms.'

"That was about all we could learn then of the history of the black-eyed smuggler from her own lips. Some days after, however, I was sent up to Randolph to make inquiries as to her associations and movements when there, and, by a little judicious management, soon gathered some very interesting additional facts. She was well known in Randolph and the surrounding country, having a year or so ago passed under several *aliases* and been strongly suspected of acting as a spy for the rebels, and in that capacity carrying intelligence from Jackson, Tennessee, to the Hatchie. Over six months ago I found she had proposed to the rebel Colonel Stewart to purchase ammunition for his command. She was generally considered quick and determined, and not easily disconcerted, and, withal, fearless to a fault. Once, I was told, she had boasted that she could wind at will around her thumb any Federal officer she had ever seen; but she found one exception, at least, in Captain Posten.

"But the romance of the story, boys, is yet to come. We found that this woman was married, and that her husband was actually one of our own loyal soldiers in Fort Pillow. When she discovered that she was really fast she disclosed this fact and asked to see her husband, thinking, maybe, that for his sake she would be let off, or that he would intercede for her and secure her some privileges in her confinement. Her desire was explained to the husband, but he positively refused to see her, saying she had brought disgrace upon him and their family by aiding the enemies of their country, and she must take the consequences of her perfidy. He took steps, too, at once, to have his children taken from her care; he didn't mean, he said, that his boys should be taught to hate the flag he was fighting for. The man was a Tennesseean, and you know, comrades, where these Tennesseeans are loyal they go the whole figure, suffering nothing in the world or under it to swerve or twist them.

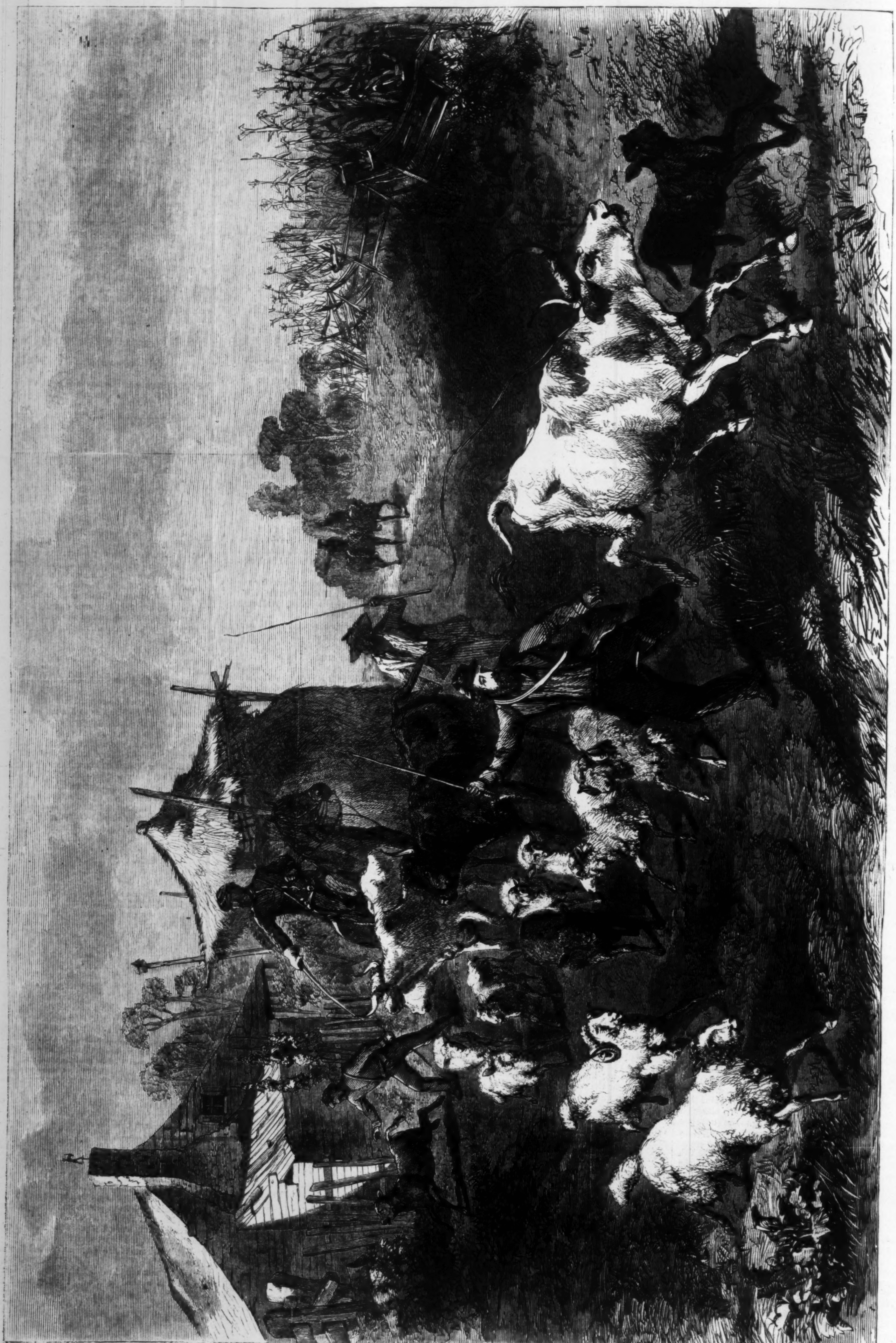
"The woman seemed touched when her husband's answer was given her, but she soon recovered her haughty, insolent air. She utterly refused to tell where the goods she had orders for were concealed; but we poked about, gathering up a thread here and a clew there, until at last we discovered evidence sufficient to justify the arrest of several persons as her accomplices, and the Captain hopes still to discover the contraband stock. Meanwhile Mary Simpson has an opportunity to think over her past exploits in prison, and can speculate as she pleases of the future, which, just now, she must consider any thing but promising. And that ends the story of the Black-eyed Smuggler."

"But," said one of the listeners, "what became of her mule?"

"Oh, he was confiscated. The last time I saw him he was hitched to a cart, hauling wood for head-quarters."

"So all greatness fades. To-day the charger of a black-eyed, dashing, pretty woman-warrior; to-morrow hauling a great cart along muddy roads, with a wrecked, battered contraband for driver."

"Pshaw, Sergeant, you're sentimental. Put out your pipe, and let's to bed. Good-night, comrades!"



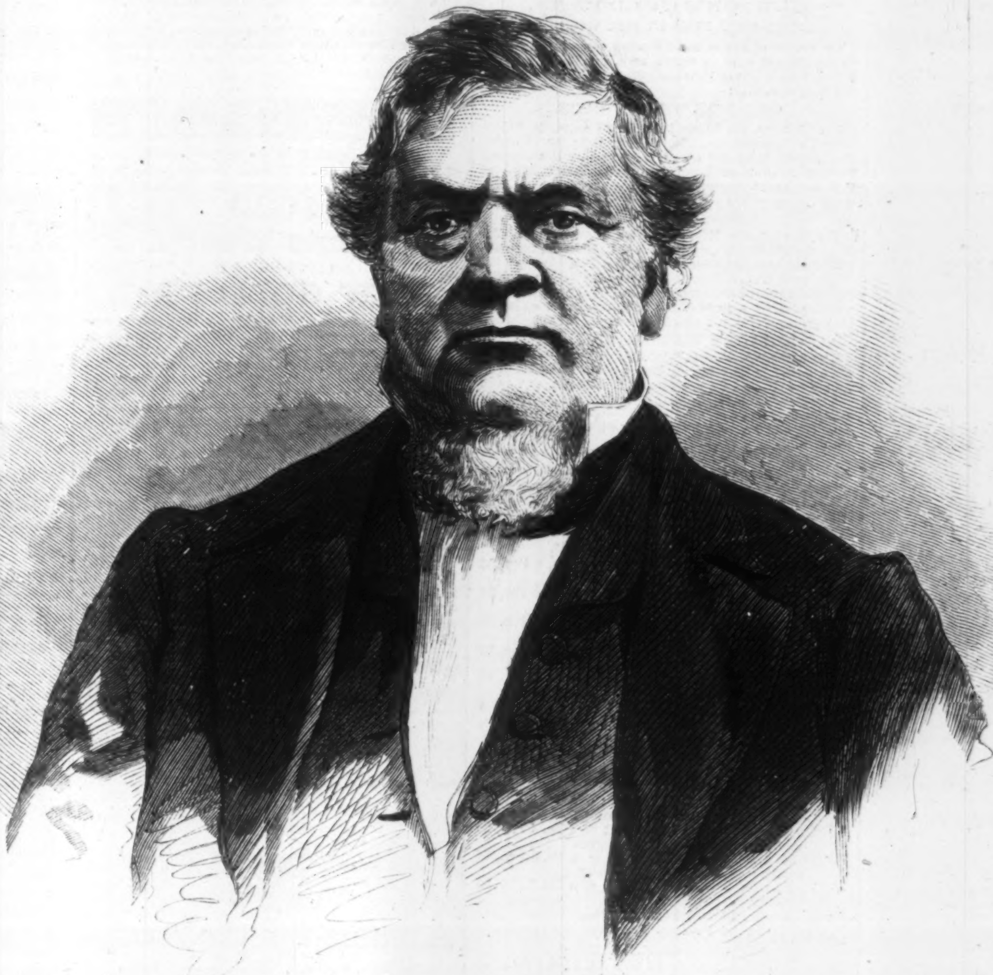
FORAGING IN LOUISIANA.—[See next Page.]

## FORAGING IN LOUISIANA.

We give on the preceding page a spirited illustration of the war in Louisiana, showing the manner in which the army is at times furnished with supplies. Necessarily, in advancing into the enemy's country, our forces are obliged to depend in some degree upon the resources of the region occupied for supplies of beef, etc., and probably no experiences are more pleasurable and full of excitement than those which are ordinarily encountered in expeditions such as our artist has presented.

## JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

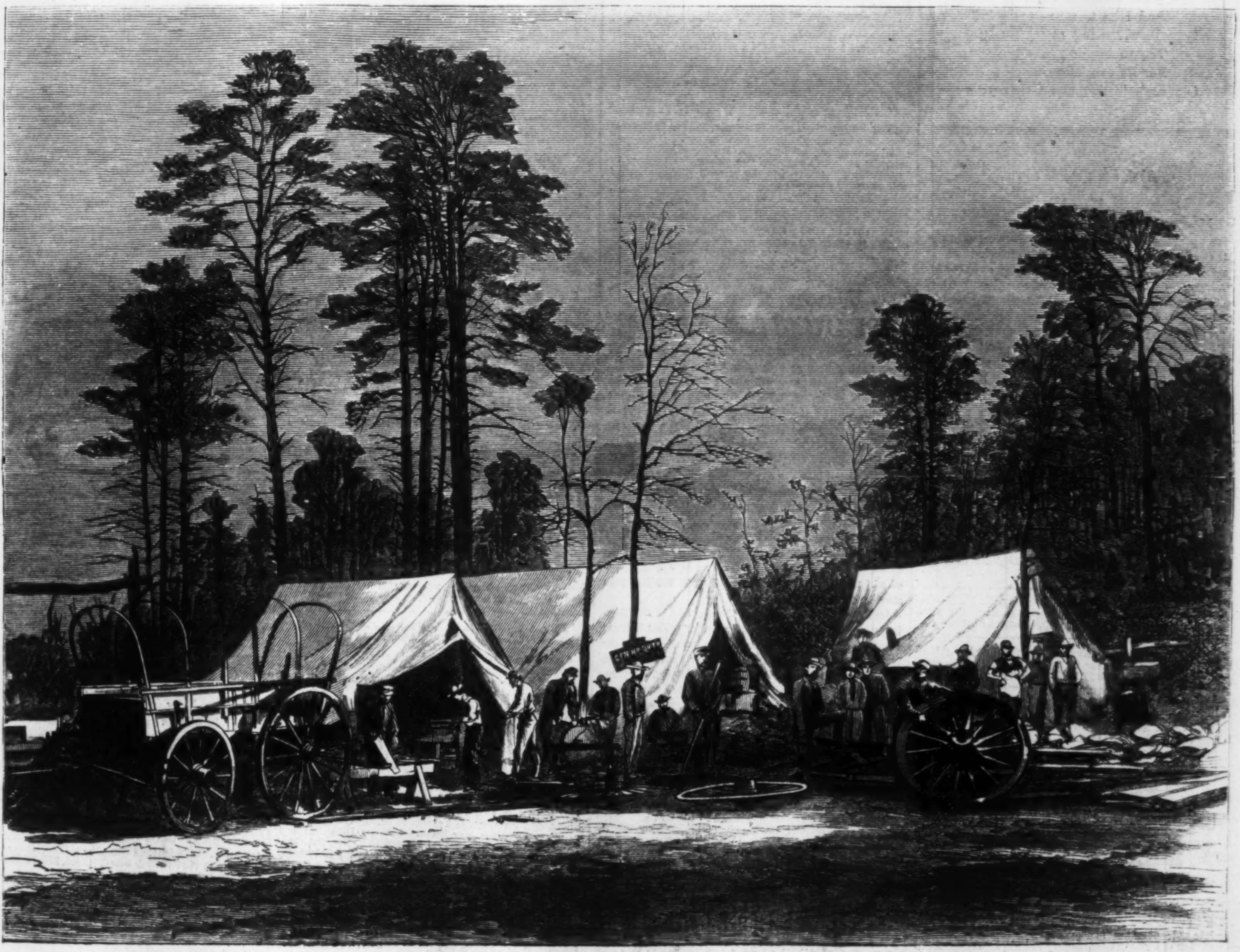
John Minor Botts, whose portrait we give on this page, and who occupied for many years a distinguished position in American politics, was born in Dumfries, Prince William County, Virginia, on the 16th of September, 1802. He early entered upon political life, attaching himself to the Whig party when, in 1834, it assumed its definite form, and becoming from the first one of its most ardent and prominent supporters. The previous year he was elected to the Virginia Legislature, and was afterward several times reelected. In 1839 he was elected to Congress, and there distinguished himself as an advocate of a national bank, a protective tariff, and other measures of which Henry Clay was the great originator and expounder. In 1843 he was not returned to Congress, but four years after he was elected to that body for the third time. After the death of Mr. Clay he attached himself to the American party, as a member of which he opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and sympathized with those Southern members of Congress who opposed the passage of the Lecompton bill in 1858. Upon the secession of Virginia he fell under suspicion on account of his known hostility to the movement, and for some time after war had broken out was held under close surveillance by the rebel authorities, being once or twice arrested by military direction. He has steadily refused to lend his support to the rebel movement, but at the same time has refrained from any distinct avowals justifying arbitrary measures on the part of the Richmond Government, which, probably remembering his great popularity, has hesitated to visit upon him the punishment which it has no doubt desired to inflict. Since our army has occupied the Rapidan his house at Culpepper has at all times been open to our officers, many of whom have been entertained with lavish hospitality. His last entertainment was given on the 28th of April, when Generals Grant, Sedgwick, Hancock, Birney, Humphreys, Gibbon, and some others were present, the affair being, in the language of a report, "of the most sumptuous character."



JOHN MINOR BOTTS.

## ARMY WORK-SHOPS.

We give below a view of the Work-Shops of the Army of the Potomac. As illustrating the manner in which necessary repairs are made at the head-quarters of an army, the picture is full of interest. Our sketch is made from a photograph furnished us by our artist, A. R. Waud, at the Army head-quarters.



WORK-SHOPS—HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

## FAR AWAY.

UPON the shore
Of Evermore
We sport like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
The voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;
We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday,
And pick no more
Upon that shore
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray;
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all
Beyond our call
Are passing hence, as we too may;
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And Him to save
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep,
For he can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

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Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

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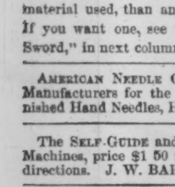

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For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.
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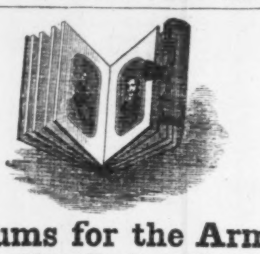

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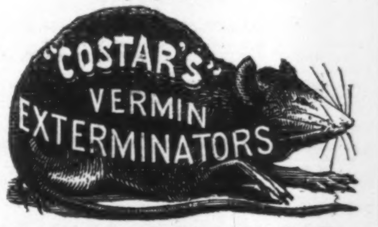

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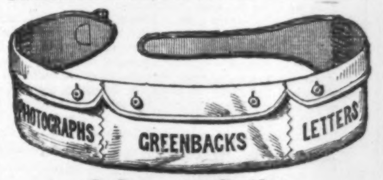

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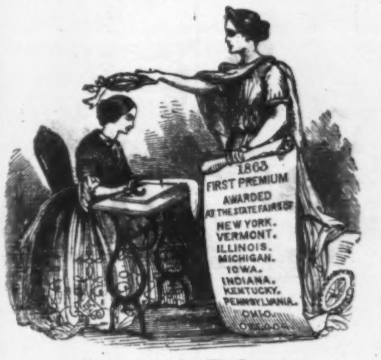

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